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Select Poety.

LIFE'S ERRORS.

We occasionally meet, going the rounds of the papers, poems of extraordinary merit, with no authors name attached. They fly hither and thither like wandering snowflakes whose beauty only catches the eye of those who appreciate the harmonies of the spirit. The following we caught flying past us, and it was so full of beauty and truth, that we determined at once to embalm it here. It smacks of the right ingredients, and we know will comman frequent perusal:

What if in that sublimer state,
To which our souls shall once attain,
The things of earth, and time, and fate,
Shall pass before our eyes again,
Shall we review our life's slow way,
Its wants and weariness beholding,
And by heaven's purer noon survey,
What earth's dim twilight now is folding?

O, what a wondrous change will pass
O'er all that here hath seemed and been!
Darkly we see, as through a glass,
What then *shall face to face be seen*;
The nothingness of all we prized,
The falsehood of the love we sought,
The priceless truth of hearts despised,
The worth of all we valued not!

Perchance, it shall not then be seen
That this, our earthly path of tears,
So desolate a waste hath been
As to the mourner's eye appears:
When clearer light around us breaks,
Our eyes shall read their course below,
A dreary line of long mistakes,
Atoned by many a needless wo.

Our youth was passed in visions fair,
In lavishing the wealth of heart;
Our manhood had the harder care
Of watching all those dreams depart.
What was there left for sad old age,
Except in useless grief to rue
The errors of a pilgrimage
We could not, if we would, renew!

Yet in ourselves the evil lay,
Poor, weak artificer of wo!
Our idols then were made of clay,
But 'twas our hand that made them so,
We needed some diviner call,
To teach our hearts alike to shun
The lovely fault of trusting all,
The bitter sin of trusting none.

Turn we not then, with vain disgust
From love betrayed and faith deceived,
Nor let our hearts forget to trust,
When they are wounded, wrung, and grieved;
Take home this lesson—it is such
As turns life's darkness into light:
O! we can never love too much,
If we will only love aright!

A Western Sketch.

[From the August Democratic Review.]

John Hill, alias Nixon Curry:

OR

THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TRUE SKETCH OF ARKANSAS LIFE.

"Among the truest friends of the people of all in the present Convention, may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, *eloquence and courage*, fully entitle him to the proud place he holds, and, as we trust, will long retain—that of leader of the Arkansas Democracy."—*Little Rock Gazette, in the days of Convention.*

BLOODY AFFAIR.—"A desperate encounter occurred last week in St Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocities fifteen years ago, in the mountains of Carolina."—*Little Rock Gazette, of May, 1840.*

We have given the previous extracts from the oldest and most respectable Journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy everry reader, that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events, and painting new scenes, we have been especially careful to avoid all vivid colors.—Should this short sketch, by any means reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its descriptions tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has long resided on the frontier, has no use for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him well.

About fifty years ago, there lived in Iredell county, Norh Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and having a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these, the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and tenderness of his heart alike. He seems from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion.—When only six years of age, he had a combat with a bully of the play ground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering dreadfully at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first session he attended in the country school-house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of the *silvery rills*. Forever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet, sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up in one delicious identity of fancy and feeling. Their bias for each other's society when children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common in the country, between the youth of opposite sexes, and as usual, terminate abrubtly, on arrival of mature years. Far different however, was the case with Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passions became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by starlight, firmer vows, and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to its crosses; and like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest root into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued—overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead upon the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the source of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth—that the young bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the purpose of plunder—though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension, by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta, bordering on the St. Francisco, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the now country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being, and yet every body was satisfied that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude, was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field, for of all bear-hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in "in the great swamp," or descended by torch light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as the most fearless.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong impassionate eloquence, as a chief leader in the Democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State Constitution; and was elected again the ensuing year, to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were Strongs, four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambition, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "famous fighters." Notwithstanding their characters was so dissimilar from that of the Pacific "bear hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the elder brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber, and then collecting a party of a dozen desporate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always gone armed with his enormous double barrelled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a knife so heavy that few hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buck-shot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came on from th Eexecutive or Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct, in the crisis, was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect *him*. He was overhauled at Conway Court House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant pararies, and with his double-barrel—that sure death-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery, joined to fear before inspired, by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an accountable panic that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgraceful and rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending in either ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime, Hill's character underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the lookout, and, therefore, unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery *stimulous of ardent drink, and his disposition, necessarily* soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme. Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duelists, James Bowie, who was more heartily dreaded. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale, merely at the appearance of his gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be considered no wonder, for even brave *men's hands shook* when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly gloomy, and, while at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home *in Carolina for the robber and robber's cave.*

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection: "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelt of sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court to-day." said the wife in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband firmly. "When a *man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; besides,* it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possess the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued; "Bill, you see my gun!" pointing his finger as he spoke to the great double barrel hanging on buck horns over the door; "practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"*Yonder comes Mose Howard; he will protect you,* Pa." remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate, "Take good care of him, Mose, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth with a laugh; "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting everybody that crossed his path; and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado swore that he would clear the courthouse; and immediately entering with a furious countenance, and a threat as to his purpose—judge, lawyers, jury and spectators, made a general rush for the door.—One old drunken man alone did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch, and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alas! who was never to be!) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red, and glaring like a mad dog, Hill turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor; then following up the violent act, he leaped upon the youth, and began a most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror:

"For God's sake, cease! Hill, don't you know me? Your friend Mose! Remember Mary."

Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful a frame as the other, h only person in Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the West. The advantage shifted from one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood. Even the bystanders, looking on through the windows of the log court-house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge bowie knife, unthought of previously, protruded from beneath his hunting-shirt. Both saw it at the same time and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded: quick as lightning he drew the keen blade from the scabbard, and sheathed it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and his Mary's father:

"The dream is fulfilled," exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sank down and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face, and his glazed eyes open. And then, awaking with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor unhappy youth, fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears, "Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the clammy lips of the dead; wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow; essayed to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then, apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet, with a shout, or more properly a scream. "Farewell, Mary, your father is gone, and I am going with him;" and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse-trader brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the Asylum for the Insane at New Orleans.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado had enjoined it on his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by that boy as a sacred duty; for on the frontiers the widows of the slain teach vengeance to their children, and occasionally execute it themselves.

Accordingly, Bill Hill practiced with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge.—He then learned that his foe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months, Bill Hill came back; and, hanging up the double-barrels in their old buck-horn rack, answered his mother's enquiring look: "Mother, Mose is dead; I let him have both loads, though I cried before I done it, and afterwards too; he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton.

"Poor Mose!" said the mother weeping; but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward; and, besides, it was your father's order."

A GENTLE WHISPER TO HUSBANDS.

Husband, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and above all, her ardent piety, her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a slattern for a wife, a shrewish hussy, a gossip, a real termagant, whose tongue was not merely a triphammer, but as the forked lightnings! so that even the house top would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, then say has not God dealt infinitely better than your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish."

Marvellous! wonderful! And are *you*, think, all *she* could wish? Turn the wallet. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own uglinoss, and crookedness, and blackness? How many things does *your beloved wife see* in you that she has reason to despise as mean, selfish, miserly, grovelling? Are you all that she could wish? Far from it. But this prying into and scanning each other's faults hypocritically, is altogether wrong and will always keep you on the hatchel, fidgety, and rickety. Better a thousand times, study each other's graces and good qualities, endeavor to correct the faults of one another in the spirit of meekness and love. The cause of all this bickering, and sparring and jarring, and spitting, *twitching*, and *hitching*, is want of love. Love covereth a multitude of blemishes. Let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains will be swallowed up, or become as mole hills. A husband who is always complaining and growling, and snapping and snarling, is enough to crush a heart of *steel*, or sour the mind of an angel, The female heart is tender, soothing, sympathetic, lovely. Husband, speak kindly to your beloved—

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what helpless wo,
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply;
The cold demeanor, and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with keener dart,
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

The frail being by thy side is of finer mould; keener her sense of pain, of wrong; greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each rude breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard, but *felt*. It *wears* away her life like a deep under current, while the fair mirror of the changing surface gives not one sigh of woe. Man, put away unbelief, banish that sourness and morosoness, and sullenness, put on a smile of sweet affection, exhibit kindness, tenderness, sympathy and love; and rest assured, your wife, if not a real termagant, will reciprocate, clasp you to her bosom in affection's *grasp*. Your mouth will be filled with laughter,—your domestic fireside, instead of a pandemonium, *will be a little paradise*. Your *little ones* will gather around you as olive plants—blooming sweetly in all the beauty and freshness of spring. Man, try it.—*Golden (Ky.) Rule.*

TOO BAD—ALMOST.—The Sunday Atlas of New York, tells its readers that, while walking on the edge of the town a day or two ago, it saw several boys engaged in perpetrating a murder of one of those harmless reptiles called water snakes, which was lying in the ditch by the road side. They had thrown several stones at the creature, and paused to dispute whether the vital spark had fled, or it was only "playing possum." At this moment, a very respectable and skilful physician approached in his carriage, and seeing a small crowd gathered by the side of the ditch, he stopped his horse and inquired what was "going on." The circumstances were related to him by the boys, who were still debating whether it would be necessary to throw a few more stones at their victim, to prevent all chances of recovery. Another snake was now seen approaching that which was partly killed, and moved about as if to ascertain the extent of the injuries it had received, "That," said the physician, who was looking on from his carriage, "that is the snake doctor!" "Is it?" cried the boys; "then come along, Jake, it's no use to throw another stone; if the doctor is tending him, he's as good as dead, and all h—ll couldn't save him!" The medical gentleman gave his horse a severe stroke with the whip, and went off at a brisk canter; the boys left in an opposite direction, perfectly satisfied that the snake doctor would give a good account of his patient!

A Beautiful Lyric for the Season.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A song for the autumn time,
The merry old autumn time;
Summer is over at last,
And past is her flowery prime.
She was well enough in her way,
Doing her best while here,
But she can't compare with Autumn,
The merry old king of the year.

The days are a-growing cold,
('Tis Autumn a month to-day,)
The winds are a-growing bold—
How they swagger and sweep away,
Shaking the bare old trees,
Chasing the yellow leaves,
Shouting aloud in their glee—
Whistling beneath their eaves.

Men run in the crowded street,
Brisk in this biting weather,
Stamping to warm their feet,
Rubbing their hands together;
What a saucy wind it is,
Pinching their noses blue;
How they shiver and shake i' the cold,
And yet they're a-laughing, too!

The women and girls at home
Are crowding around the hearth;
The boys are playing out doors,
Shouting aloud in their mirth,
Buttoned up to the chin,
Their caps turned over their ears,
And running to reason themselves—
Their eyes o'erflowing with tears.

Oh, the autumn days are so pleasant,
And then there's the autumn night—
Home, and the loved ones about us,
And the fire a-blazing bright;
Kate sits in the corner peeping
Through her fingers at little Joe,
And Will is piling on fagots,
With his face in a ruby glow.

And so the days and nights
Of the merry old autumn glide—
The pleasantest one in the year—
They're worth all the others beside,
Spring and summer are bright,
And they tell that autumn is sere,
But they can't compare with him—
The merry old king of the year.

Miscellany, from Grave to Gay.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"The school ma'am's coming; the school ma'am's coming;" shouted a dozen voices, at the close of half an hour's watching to catch a glimpse of our teacher.—Every eye was turned toward her with a most scrutinizing glance; for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teachers at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one.

"Oh, don't she look sweet?" cried another.

"Ho, I ain't afraid of *her*, nor a dozen like her!' cried the "big boy" of the school.

"Nor I, either," cried the big boys ally; "I could lick her easy enough; could'nt you, Tom? '

"Yes; and I will, too, if she goes to touch me."

"Hush!" cried one of the girls, "she will hear you."

By this time she had nearly reached the door, around which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager yet half bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pronounce upon her.

"Good morning, children," said she, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the schoolroom, except Tom Jones and his ally, who waited until the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil saucy look, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them further. After a short prayer, and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room, and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand upon Tom's head, while he sat with his hands in his pockets, swinging his feet backward and forward.

"Tom Jones!" shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.

"Just as old again as half," answered Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing at all disturbed at his replies, Miss Westcott said, "I am glad I have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, and if you will stop a few minutes after school, this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan that I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to any one, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was of some importance in the world. He had had no home training; no one had ever told him he could be of any use or do any good in the world. No one loved him, and of couse he loved no one, but was one of those who believed he had got to bully his way through the world. He had always been called the bad boy at school, and he took a sort of pride and pleasure in being feared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plan accordingly. She maintained that a boy, who at twelve years old made himself feared among his school fellows, was capable of *being made something of*. Heretofore all influence had conspired to make him bad, and perhaps a desperate character. She was determined to transform his character by bringing opposite influences to work on him, and to effect this, she must first gain his confidence, which could be done in no better way than by making him feel that she placed confidence in him. When school was out, more than half the scholars lingered about the door wondering what Miss Wescott could be going to say to Tom Jones. He had often been bid remain after school, but it was always to receive a punishment or a severe lecture, and nine times out of ten he would jump out of the window, before half of the scholars were out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered more what it could be than Tom himself.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school-room would be a great deal pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it: something to make it look cheerful!" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes'm, and I know where I can get plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some here at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise; and here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put *them in your own drawer; they* are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confusedly. "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott. "I am quite sure you can, and you will love them I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned anything or not before," said Tom, with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness; "you are capable of becoming a great and good man; you are now forming your character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become. The poorest boy in the country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his chances are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed; remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up, he had come up because he had been born into the world and could'nt help it; but as for any mental or moral training, he was as guiltless of it as wild bramble bush or a pruning knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother was a *totally inefficient woman* At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse. His bad passions were therefore all excited and fostered; and his good ones were never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him, so he whetted anew his combative power to oppose them, and he made up his mind to turn the "new school ma'am' out of doors." When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed; and that she should *manifest an interest for him, and give him a* set of new books, was completely incomprehensible to him. Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions though the bad predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy. One might as well think of chaining the lightning as binding down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment, but such as *would call out a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must* feel that he was doing good to others and for others' sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no appearance of restraint upon him; he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming something greator and better than he then was.

His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course, his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school house she found Tom there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said kindly. "And so you are here before me. You must have risen early; and you have found some beautiful evergreens. And now if you will help me hang them, we will have the room all arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom; "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so we shall. I am glad you thought of them," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and to hear him answer several questions correctly; and they were still more confounded when at recess Miss Westcott said, "Thomas, you will take care of the little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector."

One would have as soon thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take care o the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evens, "I never saw such a schoolma'am before in all the days of my life. Did you, Tom?"

"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now, but I am going to study now, and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and I am determined to try."

It was astonishing to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars.—They began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they manifested first by dropping the nick-name Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling toward him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had her school completely under her control. Yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by an iron rule. She moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet she so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to *another's* will, but the promptings of their *own desire to please* her. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door, and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its capacities and capabilities, and then shaped her course accordingly. The desponding and inactive she encouraged; the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding and fickle she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the *one rain drop* to do all the good it could, and the rushing torrent she turned where it would fertilize, rather than destroy and devastate.

There are in every school some dormant energies, which, if aroused, might shake the world. There are emotions and passions, which if let loose, will, like the lightning of heaven, scatter ruin and blight, but if controlled, may, like that element, become the messenger of the'ts to the world. In that head that you call dull, may lie some slumbering passions like some pent-up volcano; open the closed crater, and see if there do not belch forth flames which your own hand cannot stop. Put helmsman and pilot to that wayward mind which floats at the mercy of wind and wave in the wide sea of thought, and you will see it bearing its course beautifully upon the waters, and anchoring at last in a quiet haven, laden with the riches of the earth. Call out the train bands of thought that lie lurking under the benches of the school room, arm and equip them for action, and give yourself the word of command and lead on, and see if there be not vigor enough to scale those fortresses of knowledge which now rise like dark mountains before them. There is not a school room where there is not energy and vigor and thought enough, if developed and directed, to revolutionize the world. There are genusis which burst forth like a spring from the mountain, and there are also streams as beautiful and pure, far, far, down in the earth, which will flow on forever in their darkened course, unless some excavating hand digs away the heaped piles of earth above them and then their gushes up an unfailing well of pure and sprinkling waters. The sculptor may form from the block of marble before him, either angel or devil: so the soul may be made either a seraph's home or a demon's haunt; and do you not know, parent teacher that it is your hand that fashions the abode, and beckons thither the visitant?

I have seen a father mourn over his besotted son, when his own hand pressed first to his child's lips the hellish draught that sets his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone mother weep as if her heart would break, over her ruined idols. Yet that mother's smile beamed first upon the coming footsteps of the destroyer, and her voice warned *not her child of danger.* In that day, when God shall bring *every thing* into judgment, will not the curses which rung so fearfully in the offender's ears in this world roll back with crushing weight upon those who fulfill not their responsibilities to them when young? Who knows that every murderer might not have been a minister of mercy to wretched thousands? He was not born a murderer: that sweet blue eye had no fiendish glare, as its baby face rested upon its mother's bosom—that little hand bore no stain of blood as it clapped them in childish glee. Mother, remember that earnest eye which mirrors thine own glance so lovengly, will ever reflect the light thou givest it. A skillful farmer first prepares his ground and then plants such seed as is adapted to the soil; and shall we be less careful to make a fit dwelling place for the "thoughts of immortal mould," that spring up in the soul? and shall we not care and know what seed is sown in those immortal minds which are hearafter to be judged by their fruits? The sower in the parable sowed good seed; but that only which fell upon good ground bore fruit: had the thorns been rooted out and the soil enriched, would not the other field have yielded a harvest also? I have seen a teacher make his entrance into a school by reading a list of rules of two or three feet in length: "You must do this—you must do that," without a single remark upon the properiety or impropriety, the why and wherefore of the thing, but only "*you must do it.*"

You might as well expect to cure a man of stealing or pelting him with Bibles. The truth certainly hints hard enough—and so would stones:—let a man feel the beauty as well as the violence of the law, and he will be quite as apt to profit by it.

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and the beauty of virtue, the advantages of education and the consequences of ignorance, taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instructions to their capacities and necessities. And thus she went on year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she has repeated an abundant harvest.

From many a happy home and high place comes a blessing upon her, and there is no one who breaths her name with greater reverence, or remember her with more grateful affection, than "Tom Jones," who has filled with eminent ability, one of the highest judicial offices in the union, and who freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position entirely to her treatment and instructions.

Truly, "he that goeth forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

The time of Song and Flowers has come and gone, and the gentle breezes of an approaching Autumn are heard sighing o'er the withered beds of decaying flowers, and through branches of leafless trees, where the merry bird trilled forth its richest songs. The melody of bubbling brooks is drowned in the passing winds; the quiet, gentle grove has been stripped of its green roof; the hill and valley are fast losing their summer loveliness, and the leaf is sear and yellow.

Since last our cheeks were fanned with the cooling winds of Autumn, what a change has come o'er the domestic hearths of many of us! What dear domestic *scenes have been broken asunder—the heart's idol* laid low in the dust!—and familiar faces been buried in the cold obstruction of the tomb! The strange disease, whose track in the Old World was marked by grief and desolation was wafted to our beloved shores, and its coming was the signal for moaning sobs and crushed hopes. Our goodly city was not exempt from its ravages.

For more than three months, its poisoned shafts were fixing their envenomed points in the hearts of thousands! Sobbing and wailing were heard in the deserted streets! And now, as the last sighing of the Summer winds are dying into an echo, the notes of woe and sorrow are still heard in our city. Hearts bereft of their idols; a father weeping for the absent one; a wife for the cheering smile of him who won her early love—a daughter, for that mother whose only fault was in the kind indulgence to this bereaved child; the son, whose hopes have been stricken by the sudden taking off of a kind father. To such as have felt the fatal touch of this terrible disease, Autumn has an unwelcome sound. Then the ripened fruit and golden grain will be unheeded by those "sorrowing ones" Their hearts will hear no music in the journeying winds of Heaven, as they tell man that another Season has rolled away—that another Summer is ended—that the gleaner for the grave has been busy with friends and neighbors. No—no—they wept in silence for the beloved objects that can never cheer them again in this world. The Autumn time has come—and Song and Flower have vanished! Who shall teach us to forget the heart's anguish—the heart's woes?—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—Arkansas has its literature—its lawyers—the latter of whom loom up their legal effects occasionally in this style:

"By highty! your honor, I shall burst my heart. Here's a man I've known ever since I was knee high to a warming pan, cruelly charged with stealing a shirt. I know him well; and he's as honest as you are. If he's as honest as you are, it's an insult to the profession to call him a thief. And you know it is as well as I do.—My blood flows through my veins, when I hear the owdacious columnant I peeze with rage and am almost a good mind to leave the bar and take to coopering. Steal a shirt! he's got six at home, and one of em is on my back at the present minute. I'm proud to borrow one, or all, of so amiable citizens, and I feel that the Constitution of our country is entirely inadekate to the perfection of the masses, when a man like that can be fiercely charged with stealing another garment—Massey on me Why Judge, you dont believe it, I know you don't.—Discharge the gentleman prisoner, and let's liker."

A KISSING CANDIDATE.—A good story is told of Major —— when a candidate for county office in Mississippi. He was traveling the county in order to make or renew an acquaintance with his "respected friends and fellow citizens," (a practice by-the-by becoming rather disgusting than otherwise.) Among others, the Major called on farmer B., who met him at the door and invited him in with all his usual, blunt cordiality. In a few minutes he comely wife and handsome daughter made their appearance. "My wife, Major ——." The Major arose, and bowed. "Kiss her, Major," continued Mr. B., and the Major gracefully saluted the dame. "My daughter, Major ——." Again the candidate bowed as gracefully as possible, and smiled most blandly. "Kiss *her* Major ——." The Major was a little surprised, but not abashed, and saluted the young lady with all the modesty and grace which he could muster. "Well Major," said Farmer B., "you have kissed my wife, and you have kissed my daughter, suppose you now *kiss me!*" The Major *blushed*—and fainted.

UNBELIEF.—Hearing a man complain that political papers of all kinds "had become such liars, that for his part, he did not believe any of them," reminds one of the old story of the miller and his three sons. Coming into the mill, and finding a grist in the hopper, the old man cried out—"Tom, have you tolled this grist?"—"Yes, sir." "Bill, have you tolled this grist!" "Yes, sir." "Sam, have you tolled this grist?" "Yes sir.' ' "You are all a pack of scoundrels," says the old man.—"I don't believe a word you say—*I'll toll it myself.*"

LATE RUPTURE WITH THE FRENCH MINISTER, AND STATE OF OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

We copy the following view of the causes of the late rupture with the French minister, and of the present condition of our foreign relations, from a letter written by one of the Washington correspondents of the New York Herald, a leading Taylor paper. The writer evidently has extensive opportunities for obtaining correct information, and seems to be well advised in relation to the subjects concerning which he treats. We omit the private gossip with which the letter commences:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1849.

But the true sources of the difficulty lie far beyond. They may be traced to a diplomatic conspiracy, the object of which was to victimize the French minister, and to bring about a misunderstanding between the republics of France and the United States; for what could better subserve the purposes of the monarchists of Europe, and their agents at Washington, than a quarrel between the two leading republics of the earth?

On the declaration of the French republic, Mr. Rush, the American minister, promptly, and without awaiting instructions, acknowledged the new order of things, in the name of the United States. But it is not so generally known that it was Monsieur Poussin who persuaded, and finally carried off, Mr. Rush to make this acknowledgment upon the very heels of the revolution. * * * * The provisional government was doubtless apprized of it, and were well advised of the thorough republicanism of Mr. Poussin, in appointing him as the successor of Mr. Pageot. The French government, then, intended his appointment as a special compliment to the United States. Mr. Poussin had served in our army; he was almost regarded as an American, from his residence and services in this country, and from his republican opinions. The American people, acquainted with these facts, hailed his appointment as an evidence of the respect, gratitude, and kindly dispositions of France towards the United States. And this was the very sense in which it was intended to be understood. Mr. Poussin himself came with the most friendly resolutions to strengthen the amicable relations between the two countries; but his good intentions have been defeated by the successful stratagems of older heads in diplomacy—such, for instance, as those shrewd agents and tacticians of Russia and Spain at Washington.

The game was simply this. The agents of the monarchies of Europe distrusted and feared the friendship between the United States and France.—Acting in concert, the two republics might revolutionize the world, but divided they would not only be harmless, but might eventually be made the instruments in the destruction of each other. Despotism seldom loses its presence of mind. The crowned heads of Europe were driven helter skelter by the spreading fires of the French revolution; but Nicholas, looking calmly on, soon rearganized his scattered forces, and has re-established their authority and influence, at home and at Washington.

Things were all in a state of fusion when Mr. Poussin came over as the minister from France.—The friendly relations between the two countries were most promising, but in good time an understanding, or a combination, was formed to break them up. France, at Washington, was standing, then, single-handed against the hereditary powers of Europe, when the administration of General Taylor came into power.

At this point, the intrigues against M. Poussin, and against the good spirit existing between the French and American governments, silently, but actively, commenced. The agents of the monarchies began to devise ways and means for creating a misunderstanding between the French minister and the Secretary of State. Europe was still in a state of ferment. Republicanism was extending its revolutions. It must be suppressed; and not one single act anywhere could have greater moral effect in suppressing it than a dispute between the United States and France. That was the task, then, assigned to and taken up by the representatives of monarchy at Washington, excepting, perhaps, the British minister, who was sufficiently immersed in his own affairs, or is, at this time.

The cabinet of General Taylor came in with universal professions of peace. The diplomatic corps signalized the event with their congratulations.—Mr. Bodisco, in behalf of his "august master," was particularly cordial and affectionate. So far, so good. But the cabinet were new hands at the bellows. General Taylor was compelled to trust them. They had not shaped out their foreign policy.—They would take things as they came, and trust to luck. No positive course of action was marked out, but everything appeared to be left to chance.—The only position declared was that of neutrality and peace. Now mark the results. Denmark protested against the United States (war steamer) going to Germany unless under bonds to keep the peace. Bonds were exacted. Russia and Austria would have protested at any interference in the affairs of Hungary; and Mr. Clayton refrained from interfering, except in the most private or innocent forms. Spain represented, through her minister, that to permit citizens of the United States to embark in a crusade against Cuba, would be to violate our neutrality, and the navy was at once called into service, and despatched to arrest the expedition at Round Island, without proof that they had violated our neutrality, or intended to compromise the government. An obsolete law, superseded by the laws of nations, was trumped up as the authority for the extreme proceedings in support of Spanish misrule in Cuba. To this extent the monarchies were abundantly satisfied. The cabinet had carried out their pledges of peace.

At the same time the main object of a rupture between France and the United States was in a fair way of accomplishment. By an act of social exclusion of a member of his family, a very natural disposition for revenge had been excited in the breast of Mr. Poussin against the Secretary of State.—The five hundred bales of tobacco of Mr. Port, and the salvage asked by Captain Carpender for saving a French ship, afforded opportunities for retaliation. Strange, therefore, as the irritation of Mr. Poussin appears upon the naked merits of these cases, the key of explanations makes it perfectly natural, and exactly what the old diplomatists at Washington anticipated. But in the ultimate result they will be, perhaps, disappointed. There is no occasion for war with France. Blundering about in the dark, the cabinet discovered that in adhering to their declarations of peace, they had wandered from that positive track of policy which it was their duty to follow. They found out that they been conniving with the despots against our own institutions, and with the same hurry they were ready to retrace their steps. Hence, the warlike bulletins in the North American and other newspapers against Louis Napoleon, as the real instigator of the rupture with Poussin. It is suddenly discovered that Louis Napoleon is the man. The publication of French correspondence, however, and the dismissal of Poussin, settle the question. Nothing less could be done; nothing more, probably, will be required. The commercial treaty projected by Poussin, may be arrested for awhile; but the cabinet cannot expect their hasty interference in the Cuban business to be hid in the smoke of a war with France, although it is possible they may yet negotiate this punctilio (under the advice of Russia and Spain) into a serious affair.

Just now, however, a more tangible subject arrests the attention of Mr. Clayton—not an empty punctilio—not a mere question of words and epithets bandied about between two men; but a question of substances and great moment. It is a question in which John Bull is a party, and he seldom troubles himself with mere quarrels of etiquette. Where he is a party, there is land and water, rivers and harbors, at issue. So it is in this case. For many years past Great Britain has an eye to the exclusive possession of a line of communication between the two oceans, at some eligible point along the isthmus dividing North and South America. After having inspected all the routes, she has finally planted herself on the Mosquito coast, as commanding one of the of the most eligible lines of water communication with the Pacific. There is the mouth of the San Juan river, watering a rich country, and extending back to the great lake Nicaragua, and the lesser lake Leon, of which the San Juan is the outlet. Its head-waters are, therefore, within fifteen miles of a fine river communicating with the Pacific. With this cut, and some slack watering, and canals at the rapids of the San Juan, the canal is made between the Atlantic and Pacific. Planting herself at the mouth of the San Juan, Great Britain claims the monopoly of this passge between the two oceans.—She has taken up a raw, greasy, monkey-roasting native, in his blanket, and has crowned him King of the Mosquitoes, and has pledged him her protection. A New York company having contracted with the State of Nicaragua to open this channel of communication, her Britanic Majesty's consul (Barclay) at New York has protested against the enterprise as infringing, upon the territories of the King of the Mosquitoes, the ally or agent of Great Britain. The matter has gone up to the Secretary of State. A correspondence has been opened between him and the British minister *ad interim*. Mr. Crampton.—Mr. Clayton justly protests against the assumptions of exclusive monopoly of the mouth of the river.—Here is a question in which our commerce is vitually interested. It may be settled to the satisfaction of the American contractors and the American people by judicious negociation; but it is a question, in the settlement of which our commercial relations may be placed in the most critical position, as in the Oregon dispute.

Between France and England, therefore, the cabinet's policy of peace, though not interupted, is in a critical situation. In the former case, the question without further provication, will settle itself; in the latter, Mr. Clayton may either heedlessly rush into war, or give up the point, or compromise, or delay a settlement by protracting negociations. In any event, Mr. Clayton has taken the right side of the question this time, and we hope he will stand just as firmly against the demands of England as he would against this unaided King of the Mosquitoes in claiming the sovereignty of the isthmus of Panama. Mr Clayton desires peace with England. Let us see how he will manage this business with Queen Victoria and the King of the Mosquitoes.

CALIFORNIA LIFE AND MANNERS.

The journals are filled with letters from California, which furnish some interesting extracts:

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.—Life in San Francisco is exciting and amusing. There is almost a total absence of female society. It is no place for the presence of ladies, and will not be for some time to come. You can therefore conceive the entire freedom from restraint. For instance, good board being at $21 a week, and ordinary at $16, many prefer providing and cooking for themselves. You may see these "independents" walking along the streets every morning with a beef steak in one hand and a loaf in the other, whistling "away with melancholy," "clear the kitchen," and other refined airs. Now these gentlemen fare well; they buy their beef at 12½ cents a pound, delicious salted salmon at the same, bread at 25 cents a loaf, and coffee and sugar reasonable cheap. Thus their per diem expenses do not succeed 75 cents. And they are those who make money; for although clerks have $5000 salaries, and laborers 6, 8 and $10 per day, still the cost of board, and washing at $6 and $8 per dozen, leaves a very small margin for profit. It is actually economising to throw away clothes when a change is necessary, and then buy new, prices of clothing have so fallen.

GAMBLING.—Extracts from a letter, dated at San Francisco, July 30th:

This is the strangest place in Christendom. I know many men, who were models of piety, morality, and all that sort of thing, when they first arrived here, and who are now most desperate gamblers and drunkards. I think many who left Newark to better their fortunes, will wish they had remained at home. Gold digging is out of the question for some of them—they cannot and will not follow it, and it requires more capital for a man to do business here than in the States. Many have already returned from the mines, finding themselves unequal to the work, and are about returning home. It is mentioned as an indication of the wildness of the gambling spirit, that $100,000 had changed hands at a monte bank on the turn of a single card. A New York gambler is said to have lost $10,000 the night before the California sailed.

LABOR AT THE MINES.—A digger in the Columbia mines says:

I have tried gold digging for the first time and find it to be very hard work. On these bars, which have been thrown up by the rapid current, the sand and rocks are sometimes piled up over the gold from one to four feet, and have to be removed before you get it. We moved to-day rocks weighing from 500 to 800 pounds, and tons of sand, to get about 60 bushels of dirt, out of which we got 3½ ounces—better luck than common. The whole amount of our digging for two weeks is two pounds—pretty fair for new hands.

The Boston Journal publishes extracts of a letter dated at San Francisco, July 9, of which the subjoined is a simple:

Money appears to be of no account. You can hardly pass a person that has not his thousands in gold, carried in a small bag. Yesterday I met a man just from the mines. He had with him a bag containing about $7000. I inquired of him how long he was getting it and he said "in one week!" Some of the pieces were as large as a medium size bean, and from that down to dust, and perfectly clean. I have a great breastpin made of a lump of gold just as it came from the mines, weighing from two to three ounces. Gamblers are doing a great business. I went into several of their houses, and saw a man lose $20,000 in one evening. After losing it, he very quietly said, "Well, I shall have to go up to the mines again."

SCARCITY OF WOMEN.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Argus says: This country is sadly deficient in the Creator's last, best gift to man: and it will be conferring an everlasting favor on me, if you will just send me one of those red flannel unmentionables that is hanging behind the door of my bedroom. We had a wedding in Sacramento city on the 13th, and a regular blow out it was—a muster of citizens and strangers. They kept it up so late, I doubt very much if they have all got home yet. To such an extent is the veneration for the fair sex carried here, that I have seen a party of Oregonians stop and have a dance around an old cast off bonnet.

FORGOT HIS ERRAND:—Gen TAYLOR, when on his recent tour through this State, says the Carlisle *Volunteer*, declared at York, (his first landing place in Pennsylvania,) that the object of his visit was to "ascertain, by seeing for himself, what our interests demanded at his hands." Was the President sincere when he used this language? Let facts decide the question. Passing from York to Lancaster, Harrisburgh, Carlisle, Chambersburg, Bedford, and Greensburg, and from thence to Pittsburgh, a distance of about 275, miles, he never took the trouble to visit a single forge, furnace, woolen nor cotton factory—nor even a coal mine. Gen. TAYLOR, we therefore conclude, forgot his errand. He traveled through the State, from one place to another, as fast as a steamer could carry him. His true object, however, in paying a visit to this State, was a political one. He was induced to come here by Gov. Johnston and other prominent men of the Federal party, for the purpose of raising a political excitement in favor of Federalism. But in this our enemies have been disappointed. The visit of the President will avail nothing.

WHIG LIBERALITY.—We have recently been informed, that in the town of St Jonsbury, Vermont, there are thirty-three justices—of whom thirty-two are whigs! The only democrat appointed lives in a remote part of the town, and has never taken the oath of office. No man, in that large town, is promitted to sit as a magistrate, or to be a member of "the board of authority," which counts the votes and determines the rights of electors, unless he is of the whig party! Every *ninth* whig is a justice of peace and one hundred and eighty-five democrats are without a single acting magistrate! And this is the way things are done, by a party which has spent half its time for the last twenty years in denouncing political proscription!—*Coos Democrat.*

INDIANS.—Information has reached St. Louis that the Winnebagoes had become dissatisfied with the home assigned them in the last treaty, and had recently assembled together and set out for their old hunting ground. Capt. Page, stationed at Fort Snelling, had been apprised of their movements, and marched a force to intercept them, which they did at Rice Lake. It was feared, however, that further difficulties would grow out of the affair.

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.—A lady in Cleveland advertises for a young gentleman, younger than thirty, neat in dress, an enemy to tobaco, poor puns and the *conventionalities of society*, to act as her amanuensis, as she is compelled to lay aside, the duties and pleasures of writing. He must also be familiar with cribbage and backgammon! Here is a fine chance now for a "nice young man."

The Whigs are having some victories now.—They triumph in Rhode Island, Vermont, and Hungary. They are ashamed to shout over this last-mentioned success, but we cannot doubt that it adds as much to their joy as either of the others.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JOHN A. GAMBLE,

OF LYCOMING COUNTY.

FOR SENATOR,

MURRAY WHALLON, of Erie.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

DAVID OLIN, of Girard.

WM. GRIFFETH, of North East.

SHERIFF,

E. W. GERRISH, of Edenboro.

COMMISSIONER,

TRUMAN STEWART, of Amity.

AUDITOR,

HENRY TELLER, of Girard.

DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,

HENRY GINGRICH, of Millcreek.

GO TO THE POLLS!—We think it quite unnecessary to make a labored appeal to our political friends to GO TO THE POLLS and vote on Tuesday. We presume they all know, as well and better than we can tell them, that the whole country is looking for the redemption of the Keystone this fall, and that it is their duty to see that such expectation on the part of their friends abroad, shall *not to be disregarded.* If they GO TO THE POLLS that expectation will not be disappointed, and they will have the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that they have contributed their share towards wresting another State from the political domination of the man of *broken pledges and broken promises!* The general issues involved in the present contest are in no wise different from those that have characterized our political contests for years, hence it is useless to particularize. Democrats know them—they know their opponents' principles also, and they know their duty to both. Again, we say, GO TO THE POLLS on Tuesday next, and help to redeem the Keystone!

FOREIGN NEWS.—We have not thought it worth while to occupy room this week with the details of the Foreign News received by the last Steamer. The whole matter can be summed up in a few words, and, to adopt the language of the *Pennsylvanian*, it is but the shrieks of tortured Freedom, and the shouts of exulting Tyranny. NICHOLAS thanks God for his victory over God's creatures. HAYNAU is gazetted, and his atrocities made immortal in royal thanks. Young FRANCIS JOSEPH is about to celebrate Austria's triumph by a marriage. Switzerland is to be the next point of attack for the allied murderers. At last France sees, the Roman Infamy to be full, and LOUIS NAPOLEON is startled into a protest against priestly oppression, and as he calls it, ingratitude. But why continue a history, which is told in a few words? The state of Europe is best seen from the fact, that its freest, most liberal, and most just nation, is England, whose masses are slain in thousands by starvation and disease, whose workhouses are the resorts of paupers, and whose alms houses are harnel houses and graves! When will MAN be permitted to make another effort to be saved from his Oppressor?

THE FAIR.—Owing to the rain for some days previous to the Fair, there was not a large attendance, or as much of a show, as we had anticipated! Laying aside the rain, however, we thought we detected a manifest lack of interest on the part of all. We may be mistaken—and trust we are—but it was a general remark of most with whom we communicated. The awards have not yet been furnished us, but will be, we presume, for next week.

"MUZZLES."—The Editor of the *Commercial*, the man that Gen. Taylor thought was "neither honest nor capable" for the office of Collector of this Port, has had a good deal to say lately about the *Observer* being "muzzled," &c. Now we shall not reply to any such insinuation; the bold and fearless tone of this paper since we have been connected with it is ample evidence to stamp all such stories with falsehood. Every body that knows us personally, will readily bear witness that it would take a power more potent than possessed by man, to seal our lips on questions we deemed essential to the public welfare. At any rate, it has never been said of us upon the streets, *as it has been of this fellow who is so fond of making charges about his neighbors, that by getting him to print the Constitution and By-Laws of the Masonic Lodge, that fraternity had "killed two birds with one stone"—one of its members had secured a debt, and muzzled the Editor, in regard to the Institution, at the same time.* If this street report is correct, and we are inclined to believe it, from the fact that since the Editor got that two-and-sixpenny job, he has been as dumb as an oyster in regard to that institution, it is only another evidence of the downward tendency of *prices*, when an article has been *too long* in market. Three years ago he was more than suspected of selling his vote in the Whig County Convention for the Sheriff's advertising—and now it is said he has gone off to the Masons for two-and-sixpence! The Odd Fellows, we suppose, will next have him for ninepence, though as a member of that body, we shall object to giving more than four-and-a-half.

NEW YORK.—Every thing looks bright in New York since the great family of Democracy have shook hands, and buried the hatchet. The Union ticket, from present appearances, will receive a cordial support at the hands of the masses, and will thus, most unquestionably, be elected. Our Whig friends concede that Pennsylvania will be lost to them on Tuesday next, and with New York pronouncing against them in November, will not the Administration of "Zachary Washington," become a *no-party* administration in good earnest. Deafeated in every contest since the inauguration, with both branches of Congress opposed to it, the administration will be in a most embarrassed position—a position, we cannot but think that has been brought upon it by the heedless disregard of its promises and professions previous to the election.

☞ The *Gazette* thinks that the Auditor General, John A. Purviance, Esq., and Jesse Miller, the Editor of the Harrisburgh Keystone, are endeavoring to "deprive the State Treasurer of the credit which the people seem disposed to award him." John and Jesse are certainly naughty boys, and ought to be ashamed of themselves; but then they have had a bad example set them—that's some excuse, even the *Gazette* must admit. That bad example was a Whig paper, too—and worse, was printed in the State Treasurer's own town, under his very nose! We mean the *Commercial!* Dos'nt the *Gazette* recollect how *it* tried to "deprive the State Treasurer of the credit which the people seemed disposed to award him," and how the *Gazette*—this same whining Gazette,—the State Treasurer's special organ, owned and controlled in part by the State Treasurer's most honored relative, *dare not*—aye, DARE NOT—so much as to whimper! Would it not be as well for the *Gazette* to defend the State Treasurer from the attacks of his political friends, before it volunteers to sit in judgment on the merits and demerits of that gentleman's controversy with the Auditor General? It strikes us it would!

☞ The Newburyport *Advertiser*, a Taylor paper, thus speaks of General Taylor, in connection with the Cuba expedition:—Gen. Taylor seems to be blessed with an extraordinary gift of doing little, and that little wrong.—We are begining to arrive at the shrewd conclusion that timits peculiar to senility, or the conscious unfitness for the duties of his place, than a wise discretion.

AN ILLINOIS FARM.—There is a farm in Illinois which contains twenty-seven thousand acres. The proprietor of it raised 13,000 acres of corn the present season, 3,000 acres of which are in one field. At 50 bushels per acre, the 13,000 acres would give 650,000 bushels. Beat it, who can?

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

In another column will be found an interesting article on our foreign relations from a Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald.* It professes to lift the veil from the secret causes which led to the dismissal of the French Minister, and in doing so is certainly not over complimentary to the sagacity, foresight and wisdom of the present administration. Whether the causes alledged to have produced this rupture between Mr. Secretary Clayton and Monsieur Poussin are as stated in the article or not—whether the Ministers of the European powers alluded to by this writer, have been secretly operating to produce a misunderstanding between our government and that of the French, or not—one thing must be manifest to all, that the whole matter has been most bunglingly, not to say disgracefully managed, by "Zachary Washington" and his man Clayton. President Taylor was a very good General, and a better "fighter," but he is most certainly a poor, a very poor manager of our Foreign relations. So, also, Mr. Clayton might have been a very efficient and, possibly, talented Senator, but as to a Secretary of State, he has evidently mistaken his profession. Be that as it may, however, they are legally placed in the positions they occupy, and the country is bound to stand by them, should trouble with a foreign nation grow out of either their ignorance or stupidity. In a controversy with a foreign power, we go for our own country, *right or wrong*, and while we shall at all times deem it due to truth and justice to expose the mal-administration of the powers that be, the insolence and arrogance of Mossieur Poussin, or any other representative of another government, will not find in us an apologist. If war should grow out of these blunders we should deem it due to past profession and present feeling to pursue a line of policy very different from that adopted on a similar occasion by our opponents. We should not have the remotest idea that it would be "unconstitutionally commenced by the President,"—or that it was "God abhorred,"—or for the "extension of slavery," or for any purpose incompatible with the Nation's honor. We would never wish the French to "welcome our soldiers with bloody hands to hospitable graves,"—nor would we deem it the duty of Congress to refuse supplies to our army and navy. But we did not set out with the intention of contrasting the past course of the whig party in every controversy with a foreign power, with that of the Democracy, but to call attention to the article alluded to, and to introduce some well-timed remarks from the *Pennsylvanian* upon the same subject. They are as follows:

THE BAD TEMPER AND BAD BLUNDERS OF SECRETARY CLAYTON.—If war grows out of the French question, nothing will be done more to produce it, than the humiliating blunders of the violent and hot-headed man now in the State Department.—His whole management of that question has been marked by a painful want of deliberation, judgment, and tact; qualities without which a statesman is merely a ranting politician. We do not like to employ harsh terms even against an opponent; but we think the course of Secretary CLAYTON has been eminently indiscreet and blame-worthy, in regard to this affair with France. We think it will appear on examination, that the whole conduct of Mr. CLAYTON, has been extraordinary and unprecedented—a series of blunders and explosions of passion. When we reflect that the party to which the Secretary of the State belongs, is the same that opposed the recent war, and took strong grounds against what they were fond of calling the haste and eagarness of the late administration to embroil us in difficulties with Mexico, and when we compare the calm forbearance and prudence that characterized that administration, in regard to Mexico, with the ill temper and heady impetuosity of the present Regency, in regard to France, (even after allowing to Mexico all the advantage of indulgence as a weak and distracted State, from which we could afford to take much,) we cannot fail to be mortified and amazed. We are no alarmists; and we sincerely hope there may be no war with France: but when we regard the manner in which Mr. CLAYTON has conducted the dispute now festering to a head, the petulance and impudence of M. POUSSIN, (of whom it is generally said and believed, that he had no intention of giving offence to a country he loves so well, and is greatly grieved at the present state of things) will be a trifling provocation in the eyes of the people to justify all the exciting measures that have followed—tending so directly and almost inevitably to the worst results.

It was an unpardonable blunder on the part of Mr. CLAYTON to lug in as a make weight the tobacco case of M. PORT, after it had been SETTLED by the withdrawal of the offensive language by M. POUSSIN; and it showed, that the voluntary publication of that part of the difficulty, which was practically out of the way, was made only to inflame the public mind, and to provoke bad consequences from the real matter in issue.

It is most extraordinary, and, we believe, entirely unprecedented thing, to publish diplomatic correspondence, of a character calculated to lead to war between two countries, unpon the simple request of a newspaper editor, while Congress is not in session. The country cannot fail to contrast the eminent prudence and propriety of the administration of Mr. POLK, in refusing to make their diplomatic correspondence on grave questions, save at the call of Congress, with the *advertisement* of Mr. CLAYTON of the letters that have passed between him and the French Minister, simply to aggravate bad feeling, and "prepare the minds of the people for war."

The closing letter of Mr. CLAYTON to the French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, M. De. TOCQUEVILLE, was absolutely *published in this country before it was received in France*—as if with the deliberate object of forcing the two countries into a rupture, by making that letter the subject of taunting commentary here and in England, calculated to goad the French government into violent recrimination and action. We venture to say that no administration has ever resorted to so desperate a shift to foment difficulties between two nations heretofore friendly, or has so recklessly gone in the teeth of all usage and propriety.

In this same letter, dated September 5, and sent out by the steamer of the 12th ult., we find this remarkable expression:—

"As Mr Rush is returning home, and Mr. Rivers, who has been appointed to succeed him as minister to France, has probably not yet arrived in Paris, I hasten to avail myself of the only means of communication between the governments we represent, by addressing you directly on the subject of your note."

Experienced statesmen will be amazed to see Mr. CLAYTON resorting to the unusual method of overlooking the American Minister at the French Court, to whom all communications intended for the French Government are always sent as instructions for his own guidance, and addressing himself, offensively and angrily, directly to the French Secretary of Foreign Affairs; a course of proceeding entirely without parallel, as we conceive. But is the excuse *true?* Can it be that Mr. CLAYTON has directed Mr. RUSH to leave France before the arrival of Mr. RIVERS? Assuredly, Mr. RUSH could not have been so precipitately dismissed, thus leaving us without a Minister at the French Court, at this critical juncture. *We do not believe this allegation of the Secretary of State.* If it turns out to be a mis-statement of the fact, that Mr. RUSH was *not* on his way home before Mr RIVES left Paris—if it turns out that Mr. RUSH was instructed to remain till his successor arrived—what is the extraordinary position occupied by our Secretary of State? The position of having proclaimed a mis-statement, for the purpose of fortifying himself in addressing directly the French Minister of Foreign affairs, (in violation of all propriety and precedent,) his angry and bitter epistle of the 5th of September!! If this is not evincing a criminal anxiety to force the country into war, then we do not to understand the meaning of acts and words. Such seems to be the determination of the Regency—such, indeed, seems to be the object of Mr. CLAYTON—and such is the voice of those who speak in his behalf. The correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot*, ("Potomac,") now in the employ of the government, thus proclaims the views of the "peace" party now in power: "The only alternatives for France are to make a suitable apology or fight. The affront she has received is one of the highest character, which has been provoked by her supercilious conduct."

And if war follows, by what a series of blunders and indiscretions has it been perpetrated! We have pointed out those which at present, strike us most forcibly. It seems to be beyond all question that Mr. POUSSIN is not only heartily sorry, but amazed that his language should have been made the subject of such eager and angry retort. He is said to speak of it to all he meets with profound regret, and to deplore the length to which the affair has been carried. We do not excuse his unhappy method of explaining himself, though it is not unreasonable that one so much attached to our country, and so ready even after Mr. CLAYTON'S furious tempest of passion, to express regret at the state of quarrel, had any idea of being a party to the omission difficulty now rapidly approaching a head.

We repeat, we should deplore war, thus hastened by an impulsive but sincere Frenchman on one side, and an American Secretary of ungovernable passions on the other; but if it comes, while we are *now* free to comment upon the amazing blunders and angry precipitancies of Mr. CLAYTON, we shall be found, as ever, among the very first to support our country and her flag. And we are not sure, weighing all the facts, if the worst consequences may not be apprehended, especially in view of the course taken by the Secretary of State in regard to his final letter to M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.

☞ The New Orleans Patria asserts positively that the plan of separating from Mexico the states this side of the Sierra Madre, and setting up an independent republic, is still prosecuted with great zeal.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Our good cousin of the Boston *Olive Branch*, has an article on *cheap postage*, which has a good deal of truth in it, but mixed up, we are sorry to say, with a little prejudice. The *Olive Branch* is generally right 'every time," but in this case we think the interest of the proprietors is allowed to sway the Editor's judgment. When it says, there is no parallel between the English system of two cents on letters and papers free, and such a system in this country, he talks like a practical common sense man. As he remarks: "the island of England is not much larger than a good-seized sheep-pasture, and is traversed in every direction by railways, so that the expense of transporting the mails is merely nominal, while the immense extent of our country, and the fact that much the larger part of the mails must be dragged over bad roads by horse teams, —a mail sometimes costing for its transportation fifty times more than the proceeds from it,—renders the service a very expensive one. We think, however, that letters may be carried all over the country—California included, of course—for five cents each," If we would, however, have them pre-paid. As to papers we also agree with the *Olive Branch* "that sufficient should be taxed on them to pay expenses," but we would have that tax equitable, "A half-cent each, pre-paid at the office of delivery" might "be sufficient," but would it be equitable? We ask, in all candor, Mr. Olive Branch, if there is any equity, common sense, or justice, in charging a half-cent for carrying the *Observer* four or five miles, and *no more* for transporting the *Olive Branch* from Boston to New Orleans? Again, is it right to charge as much postage on the *Olive Branch*, or the *Observer*, as upon such blanket sheets as the "Model Courier," "Saturday Post," and the like?

It certainly appears to us that a grain a common sense as large as a mustard-seed would teach any sane man that there would be neither justice nor equity in such a system! But the *Olive Branch* objects to "delivering papers within thirty miles free of expense," and says:

"It would be a system of charity which other interests might reasonably demand should be extended to them. If we buy a gallon of molasses or a bushel of potatoes at a grocery, we would have the same right to ask the United States to carry them home free for us—or to ask that our water for washing-day should be brought free from the river. It is just as necessary to have a clean shirt as it is to have a newspaper. To carry a newspaper free thirty miles, and charge a cent for carrying it 31 miles, is an absurd idea. When the Government does this, we shall apply to the Department to loan us carriers to deliver our papers to subscribers in the city. It would save us a large yearly outlay, and be just as reasonable as the thirty miles plan."

Now, this is arguing the question with a vengeance, is it not? If the goverment had a department for the purpose of carrying "molasses and potatoes" through the country, we certainly should not object to its delivering all raised or bought within thirty miles, but as it has not we cannot see any force in the *Olive Branch's* argument. But, says our cotemporary, "when the government does this (carry papers free thirty miles,) we shall apply to the Department to loan us carriers to deliver our papers to subscribers in the city." Why man, such a request would be useless—the Department will most assuredly furnish *you* with just such carriers to deliver your papers within 30 miles, as it will us. That is just, is it not? We think it is—and it is of no pecuniary interest to us, to think so, either; for when such a law was in force, it did not add a subscriber to our list. There is nothing, and can be nothing unjust to the city press in such a law—it carries their papers free thirty miles as well as ours, and consequently if it is a "system of charity," it is a "charity" partaken of by all alike.

HOME QUESTION.—The Whig leaders of our State are fellows of original genius, and we shall not be surprised if they should really discover a perpetual motion before all is over. Mr. Fuller and the Whig State Committee are both very much elated at the *"facts"* that the State interest has been paid in specie; the debts on the rail-road and canals liquidated; and certain State stock purchased under the present administration. They boast of these things without laughing, and solemnly ask the people to believe them serious. There is not a boy of ten years of age, that would not be ashamed of such brazen impudence. We hope the next time Fuller is caught repenting this shallow boast, somebody will ask him if he is not now warmly supported by Stevens, Ritner, Penrose Middleswarth, Dickey, Burden, and other heroes of the Tape Worm, the Huntington Breach, and the Missionary Fund? He will scarcely have the courage to say he is not; and when he admits so much, just ask him to count how many millions of dollars these supporters of his, added by their frauds to the State debt; and whether it was not Democratic policy, operating, openly under the present administration, which reduced the burdens which they imposed? If he denies that, and does not blush, he must have a countenance as impervious to shame as the hide of a rhinoceros.—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ Our neighbor of the *Gazette*, like the sportsman's dog, is a "famous hunter and setter"—he hunts "political bones and sets down to eat them." The last morsel of this character that he has discovered and devoured, is that the Whig vote in Vermont at the recent State election, is 3000 larger than the same State gave Gen. Taylor. From this he argues that the people approve of Gen. Taylor's "violated pledges." Our cotemporary is too shrewd for us. The friends of Taylor get awfully thrashed in Connecticut, Kentucky, Tennessee, and only escape in North Carolina by the skin of their teeth, all Whig States, and yet because the Whigs have succeeded *once more* in Vermont, he thinks it is all moonshine about "the popular disgust at Gen. Taylor's violated pledges." Well, if the Whigs are satisfied with this kind of reasoning, and *such* results, we are!

GETTING THEIR EYES OPEN.—*The New York Express*, a Taylor paper, has sense enough to find in the Poussin and Clayton affair but "a mere question of etiquette," "a quarrel about nothing." "There is no *principle* at stake, only *words*," says the Express, and it ridicules the official idea of the Philadelphia Gazette that De Tocqueville, the French minister, must either apologise or resign! In fine, this New York administration paper takes a good portion of a column to express what might better be said in a single word, "*Humph*," or "*Fudge*"! The N. Y. Tribune, also an administration paper, scouts the idea of war with France, and adds "we care not a button which side loses or wins by the *stock gambling transactions of the day.*" What! are they using old Zach and the "national honor" for that too?

LATE NAVY AGENT AT WASHINGTON.—A letter from Washington, to the New York Herald, gives the following as to Major Scott, late Navy Agent at the Seat of Government, who was alleged to be a defaulter:

"Before his accounts were settled at the Navy Department, he deposited to the credit of the United States nearly five thousand dollars 'more' than he has since acknowledged to be due to the government. The actual balance claimed against him is about seven thousand dollars, and his securities are responsible for fifty thousand. The Major, however, as one of his friends informs us, claimed the same per centage on certain disbursements as is allowed to the other navy agents. This was not admitted by the Navy Department. The government, it is known, cannot be sued, and for a man to obtain his rights, must himself be sued, and leave the decision in the case for a jury, and this course will be taken. It was unjust to denounce this gentleman as a defaulter, in the absence of proof."

WHAT IS IN THE WIND?—Gov. Johnston has been in Philadelphia frequently during the last summer, and Jesse R Burden is nominated for the House on the federal ticket. Gov. J. has been at Erie this summer, and John H. Walker is nominated for a seat in the Legislature. The present Governor was on a white-washing committed in favor of the bank of the United States, made in 1837, and Burden, Walker, and others, chief managers, with Stevens, in fastening the United States Bank of Pennsylvania on the people previously. This leads us to ask "What is in the Wind?" Is there a design to set this rotten concern going again? We hope our Democratic friends all over the State will keep an eye on the movement, and prevent it, by sending men of tried integrity to the Legislature.—*Pennsylvanian.*

☞ Benj. F. Wallace, brother of ex-Gov. Wallace, who edited a Taylor campaign paper last summer called the "Rough and Ready Banner," at Marion, Ind., now publishes an address to the public, in which he eschews whiggery and comes out a democrat.

Editorial Notings Generally.

A SPLENDID PIECE OF WORK.—Among other specimens of Mechanism exhibited at the Fair on Wednesday which did honor to our mechanics, we noticed particularly a splendid rifle, the workmanship of our young friend, D. B. Derby, of the firm of G. A. BENNETT & Co. It is true, we cannot speak with the eye of a sportsman in regard to its merits, but as a finished piece of workmanship, we, at least, never saw its superior. It is certainly worth one's time to call at the shop and examine it. There was also some *superior counter* and platform Scales from the same shop, that deserve notice. By the by, as BENNETT keeps every thing in his line of business, having lately replenished his stock, we cannot do better than recommend all who desire any thing of the kind, to give him a call, at the Shop on French street.

LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN.—We find the following "reasons for risibility" floating on the great sea of newspaperdom, without credit or name of the author. We think, however, we detect in their quaint humor and sly hits at the "long faced" hypocricy of the world, the smiling face of that inimitable Yankee poet, wit, and philosopher, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY

Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may,
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue,
Then I should be a graver man—
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz!—I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perch mee I were not glad—
If morning wore the angel's dress,
My garb should then be sad;
But since the angel's wings are white,
And even the young saints smile—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor goodness clad in grey—
Sweet coz!—I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner list and pray,
A knave at top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away!
Wine have I seen your grave ones quaff,
Might set our feet afloat,
But never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And never knew a nutbrit man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So coz!—I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

☞ The Editor of the *Gazette* says, that "a visit to the country" "relieves the mind of dullness." Had'nt our cotemporary better indulge in that "*healthful* enjoyment" every week?

NEW YORK JOURNALISM.—We have heard latterly considerable talk of a new journal in New York, to be the organ of the "united democracy." The Herald of Thursday says the enterprise is now assuming a shape and form that it is to be a stock concern, and that the chief persons connected in it are Mr. Forest, Col. J. W. Forney, and the well known Chevalier Wikoff, now in Paris. Mr. Forrest takes the major part of the stock in the concern. We shall regret exceedingly to lose Forney, for he is decidedly the best editor in the State, but cannot doubt that such a loss locally, will be more than counterbalanced by the gain to our cause in the Empire State.

☞ Here is a stray spark, from some rhymer's brain, which we have caught flying past us, and caged for the benefit of our bachelor friend of the *Gazette*. May we not hope that he will heed the advice of the muses, and

"Take a little wife—the prettier the better."

As to the sequence of such a step—"*hush*, my babe, lie still and slumber,"—we say, "nix."

Take a little wife, The prettier the better; Put her cheek, and when She wants to kiss you—let her.	Never mind the

"KEEP HIM DOWN."—The author of the following we dont know, but whoever he is, or was, he has most admirably shown up, in a few words, the too prevalent fashion among all classes, and in all communities, of decrying the talent, acquirements, and even virtues of those they may happen to have known all their lives. How often do we hear the chilling exclamation, "We have known him ever since he was a boy,"—"what merit can there be in such a young stripling—such a boardless boy,"—while some stranger, with not half the talent, but more brass and impudence, is the caressed and courted recipiant of their most choice favors. It is the way of the world; but to our extract:

KEEP HIM DOWN.—Aye, keep him down. What business has a poor man to attempt to rise,—without a name—without friends—without honorable blood in his veins? We have known him ever since he was a boy—we knew his father before him, and he was but a mechanic—and what merit can there be in the young stripling? Such is the cry of the world, when a man of sterling character attempts to break away from the cords of poverty and ignorance and rise to a position of truth and honor. The multitude are excited by envy—they cannot endure to be outstripped by those who grew up with them or their children side by side, and hence the opposition a man encounters in his native place. Despite of this feeling, many noble minds have risen from obscurity and lived down their opponents; but others have yielded to discouragements—lived in obscurity, and "died and made no sign." Let it not be thus with you, young man. Persevere—mount up and you will yet startle the world.

HARMONIOUS WHIGERY.—The recent whig convention of the state of New York, refused to pass a resolution complimentary to Mr Vice President Fillmore, such an one having been voted down in Committee. Upon this marked insult from the Seward side of the House, a Fillmore man took a public occasion to declare to the chairman of the committee that he "thanked God the honored name of MILLARD FILLMORE was not to be polluted by the endorsement of such a body of men." From this we infer that the war of the "roses" in the Empire state is progressing finely. We trust they will be as successful in eating each other up as the Democracy have been.

GREAT FIRE OWEGO.—We learn from the *New York Commercial* that a very destructive fire broke out in Owego, N. Y. on Thursday morning, which destroyed the whole business part of the town, embracing between 70 and 80 buildings, and covering a loss of property amounting to at least 300,000. It broke out in Front street.—All the buildings on main street are a heap of ruins, and on Lake street as far down as the Central Hotel The bridge over the Susquehanna is also burned.

IMPORTANT, VERY.—The New York *Tribune*, says, "Amid the chaos of opinions now prevailing in the intellectual and political world, it is the aim of the Tribune to be a reconciler of conservatism with progress."

Upon this the Boston Post, declares that we shall have no more hurricanes, deluges, earthquakes, indeed order will spring from chaos, if the New York Daily Tribune, printed at the corner of Spruce and Nassau streets, will only consent to act as "reconciler" among the elements above, the earth below, and human beings generally.—Great is Greeley!

☞ Gen. Taylor's administration, which the whigs told us was to keep the country clear of all those dangerous controversies which Gen. Cass, they said, would surely have plunged it into, had he been chosen president, has now on hand differences with Spain, England, France, Morocco, and the Seminoles, while its partizans are talking about forcing open the ports of Japan.

PLENTY OF THEM.—The territorial courts of Minesota have just been opened. Twenty attorneys were admitted to practice, which certainly will be thought a sufficient number for a population of not more than 5,000.

☞"Heroic Age" of the *Union* says that the question now before the regency at Washington is weather it is better to have a few foreign wars, and be a peace administration, or have peace with the world, and be generally known as a war "*grocery*." When the "seven wise men in buckram" came to a determination, we presume we shall have a "proclamation" for fasting and prayer.

A RUINED COUNTRY.—While the legislative peculators, says the *Union*, calling themselves "protectionists," are contriving to figure out the conclusion that the country has been ruined by the tariff of 1846, the banks of Boston have contrived to figure a considerable amount of cash into the pockets of their stockholders. It appears by the last statement of the semi-annual dividends, that of the 27 banks of that city, 2 have divided among their stockholders 5 per cent.; 2, 4½ per cent.; 12, 4 per cent.; 9, 3½ per cent.; and only 2 so low as 3 per cent. The average is but a mere fraction less than 4 per cent. And all this business has been done and this money made, while the masquerade noblemen at Newport, Rhode Island, and the "pig-iron" politicians of Pennsylvania, dressed in French broadcloth, French boots, and French gloves, have been clamoring for the interests of *labor*, and manufacturing ruin for the country. But, in spite of the scheming and selfish devices of this fictitious nobility, the country has never been more prosperous than it is now.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—About 25 years ago the bones of one of the arms of Witfield (the celebrated preacher,) were stolen away from his remains, and nothing was ever heard of this missing relic until Saturday, when a package was received by the last steamer, (the America) containing the bones, accompanied by a letter directed to a Minister of the Gospel on Cape Cod.

☞In St. Louis, lately, a Mrs. Cannon was fined $10 for whipping her husband, which she paid with a smiling look, saying, *sotto voce*, "Never mind the money, I wear the——, I do; I'm some when I'm at home, and won't I have it out of his bones; well, if I don't, you can kill me."

MR. EDITOR:—I am informed that all the funds of the Erie Agricultural Society were distributed in premiums to the farming portion of community, and that the mechanical portion was almost wholly neglected. Is this a fact? Can it be that the officers in charge at the late fair have been guilty of such an outrage, and so much injustice? If so, I, as one of the latter class would with all due deference advise an immediate separation from any thing conducted in that manner, and would recommend in lieu thereof, the establishment of an *American Institute*, as the only alternative for us.

Erie, October 4, 1849. MECHANIC.

SAVANNAH, Oct. 2.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The whole Democratic ticket in this city is elected. In Chatham, the Democrats have a gain for Governor of 347, in the returns received.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 1.

The State Convention for remodeling the state Constitution organized to-day. James Guthrie, a democrat of this city, was elected President. The vote stood, Guthrie, 50, Dixon, 43. Thomas Holmes was appointed Secretary.

MEN WITH TAILS.—A scientific report recently made to the Academy of Science at Paris, contains an account of the Ghilanes inhabiting the interior of Africa, who are said to be possessed of a tail-like appendage, formed by the elongation of the vertebral column. The slave merchants cannot dispose of them without great difficulty, so bad is their reputation. The traits which distinguish them are hideous uglines of face and figure, ungovernable tempers, and stolid intellect. The author of the report seems to have adopted the Monboddo theory, supported by a curious work entitled the "Vestiges of Creation," that the human race were but a higher type of the brute creation, and sets these Ghilanes down as the last link in the human race. No Yankee will credit this report, when he remembers that "Barnum" *is alive*, and would have surely got hold of one of these beings, for exhibition, if they had been in existence.

☞PINE AND WILD CHERRY are trees of our own soil, and it is generally known to possess, even in the common way of preparation, remarkable virtues in the cure of diseases of the Lungs—how much more then must a highly concentrated preparation prove, when so combined with other articles as to act in harmony with each other, and adapted to the various forms and stages of the diseases it is so eminently calculated to all eviate.

The Balsam of Wild Cherry never fails to give relief, and cures after every other means have been tried in vain. This has been proved in thousands of instances, where it has effected radical cures, after the patient has been given up by all his friends and physicians.

☞See advertisement

☞Residents of Billious Climates, EMIGRANTS, or persons *traveling through infected districts of country*, will find Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue an invariable and absolute PREVENTIVE. It is not only an effectual remedy for Fever and Ague, but is equally applicable to Liver Complaint, Jaundice, enlargement of the Liver, also enlargement of the Spleen, called *Ague Cake*, and the various forms of billious indigestion. These, with the other varied affections of billious climates, arising from a common *miasmial cause*, are only modifications of the *same disease*, and equally controlled by the *same remedy*.

Each bottle of medicine is accompanied with a Pamphlet on the "Causes, Treatment, and Cure of Fever and Ague, and other Diseases of Billious Climates," containing much information, and may be had *gratis* of the Agent.

Caution! Be not deceived by spurious imitations imitations.—*Dr. Osgood's* is the only genuine Cholagogue.

For sale by J. H. Burton, Agent, Erie, Pa.

☞TESTIMONY IN FAVOR of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills.—It would be easy to fill a volume with certificates of the excellence of this medicine. Wherever it has had a trial it has made itself popular. We have in our possession hundreds of orders like the following:

"VARYBURGH, N. Y. Dec. 10, 1847.

"*Messrs. Kidd & Co.*—Your traveling agent left with me a short time since, a quantity of M'Lane's Liver Pills. The whole lot sold very rapidly, and gave the highest satisfaction. Indeed it is considered the best medicine of the kind ever offered for sale.—Please send me another supply as soon as possible.

W. H. AINSWORTH."

Sold by Carter & Brother, and J. H. Burton, Erie Pa.

MARRIED.

On the 27th ult., by Rev. Geo. A. Lyon, Mr. THOMAS HOPE to Miss MARGARET MILLS.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. JOHN CANFIELD to Miss MARGARET JANE HAMILTON.

On the 27th ult., by Rev. J. H. Pressley, Mr. S. J. Clarke, of Meadville, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Jas. G. Caldwell, of Vernon, Crawford co.

On the 27th, ult., by the Rev. O. P. Brown, Mr. John Sterrett to Miss Eunice O'Donnell all of Fairview tp.

On the 1st inst., in Wellsburgh, by Elder David Winton, Mr. Daniel B. Robinson, Jr. of Franklin tp., to Miss Mary Crosby, of Wales, Erie co. N. Y.

On Tuesday last, by Asa Stortevant Esq. Mr. C. H. Barney, and Miss M. M. Drury, both of Girard.

In Conneaut, Ohio, Sept., 27th, by Horace Wilder, Esq., Mr. F. M. WELLS, of Albion, Pa., to Miss LOUISA E. HARMON, of the former place.

DIED.

On Wednesday last, Mrs Mary McClure, wife of Mr John McClure, of M'Kean, in the 45 year of her age.

On Wednesday morning the 3d inst., in Greenfield, Mrs. Lois, wife of Andrew Burton, aged 22 years.

WANTED.—A girl to do house-work for a small family. A good girl will find a permanent situation and liberal wages, by applying at the residence of the Editor of this paper, first door from the corner of Fifth, on Peach-streets.
Erie, October 6, 1849.

"Pittsburgh and Erie Rail-Road Company."

BOOKS for the Subscription of the capital stock of the "Pittsburgh and Erie Rail-Road Company," will be opened at the Monongahela House in the city of Pittsburgh, and the Reed House, in the Borough of Erie, on the 10th of November, 1849, and kept open for at least six hours for ten consecutive judicial days. The Commissioners by themselves, a Committee duly appointed, will attend at the times and places mentioned, to receive subscriptions agreeably to the provisions of the act of Assembly incorporating said Company.

CHARLES M. REED,
JAMES THOMPSON,
GILES SAFFORD,
JOHN VINCENT,
WILLIAM KELLY,
THOMAS H. SILL,
JAMES WILLIAMS.
COMMISSIONERS

☞The Chronicle, Commercial, and Gazette, Erie; Journal, Meadville; Whig, Mercer; Gazette, Newcastle; Whig, Butler; Argus, Beaver; Gazette, Journal, and Post, (weekly) Pittsburgh, will copy and continue publications for 30 days, up to the time mentioned for opening Books. Oct. 6-n21.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

MRS. WARD would respectfully inform the Ladies of Erie and vicinity, that she has received an elegant assortment of Fall and Winter Millinery, consisting of Bonnets, Caps, children's Hats, Head Dresses, &c., &c., also, a choice selection of Ribbons, French Flowers, Satins, Watered Silks, Velvets, Blond, Lace, &c., which she will be happy to show her friends and customers on Tuesday the 9th inst.

Mrs. W. is now prepared to execute all orders entrusted to her care with neatness and dispatch.
Erie, October 6, 1849. 21

☞Hats and Caps for the People.☜

PRICES REDUCED ONE-THIRD.—SPLENDID HATS FOR $1,50—CLOTH CAPS FOR 12½ CENTS.

SMITH, HATTER, No. 3, *Cheapside*, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has received from New York a splendid stock of Hats, Caps, and Furs, which will be sold at the above Reduced Prices. Also, that he has added great facilities for Manufacturing, and will be adding daily to that branch of his business, and to his stock of goods.

☞Call and examine PRICES. Oct. 6, 1849.–n21.

AUCTION SALES.

THE following articles belonging to the Steamer Michigan; will be sold at Auction on the Dock, at the Ware House of Messrs Cook & Walker, on the 1st day of November next at 10 o'clock, A. M., all on account U. S. Navy Department, viz:

1699 lbs. Wrought Iron (scraps.)
2330 " Grate Bars, (old,) and a quantity, of Scrap Copper.
Also,
3 Damaged Globe Lamps,
3 Thermometer Cases,
3 Broken Lamps, and
3 Spy Glasses.
Oct. 6. 2t

NOTICE.—Whereas my wife, Elizabeth, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, this is therefore to warn all persons from harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.
North-East, October 3, 1849.–n21. ASA HALL.

DRY GOODS, DRY GOODS.

I AM now receiving ever day my Fall and Winter stock of DRY GOODS, which I invite the attention of the citizens of Erie and vicinity, to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere, as my terms are Cash and no huxing, and my whole attention paid to Dry Goods exclusively, I feel and hold myself bound not to be undersold this side of the "Atlantic."
Erie, Oct. 6. S. R. DEWEY.

SILK, SILK,—A few patterns of very nice Cameleon Satins and Black Gro de Rhine Silks, will be found at.
Erie, Oct. 6. S. R. DEWEY'S.—State Street.

MERINOES.—French, English and German Merinoes, all grades and colors. Call and see them. S. R. DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6. 21

MULL.—Cambric and Lisle Edging and Inserting, a good assortment at. S. R. DEWEY'S
Erie, Oct. 6. 21

GINGHAMS.—Scotch, French and American Ginghams, for sale very cheap by. S. R. DEWEY.

LADIES and Gentlemen's Kid Gloves at. S. R. DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6.

SHEETING, bleached and brown, very cheap at. S. R. DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6.

SHAWLS, of every description, and very cheap, at. S. R DEWEY'S.
Erie Oct 6.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

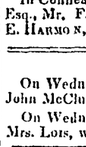
PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Erie county, will be sold by public vendue, on Monday, the 30th day of October, on the premises, all the interest of Hosea Solomon and Polly Hogle, (being each the undivided tenth part) the following described property to wit:—Seventy-five acres of land in Conneaut township, Erie county, bounded and described as follows: On the west by the State line, on the north by the state Road, on the east by the land of Sampson Pope, and on the south by the lands of James Kennedy. The land is subject to a small balance of purchase money now due

Terms made known on day of sale.

WM. HERRINGTON, Guardian.

By order of the Court, August 8, 1849.
3t20 JAMES SKINNER, Clerk,

TAILORING WELL DONE AND CHEAP.



THE undersigned respectfully tenders his thanks to the public for their liberal patronage, and begs leave to inform his frends that he still continues the Tailoring Business at his old Stand, a few doors east of the Erie Bank, and solicits a continuance of past favors. Having received the Fall and Winter Fashions, he is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to his care in the latest and most approved style. The subscriber having no work done except under his own eye, pledges himself to give complete satisfaction to his customers, and in all cases where he fails to so, to pay for the goods.

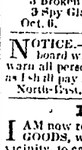
Ladies desirous of having either Riding or Traveling Habits made to order, and the latest in and neatest style, will do well to give him a call.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CLOTHING made to order.

N. B. CUTTING on the shortest notice and at the usual price.

JOHN GOALDING.
Erie, sept. 22, 1849. 16.

TAILORING.



THE subscriber tenders his thanks to his Patrons for past favors, and takes this method of informing them that he still continues the above business at

No. 7, Park Row, Reed House.

The Fashions for 1849 & '50 are just received and he considers himself perfectly competent to imitate the present modes in a satisfactory manner. Regular Journeymen Tailors only are employed in making COATS at this shop. His prices are as low as at any respectable *Custom Shop* in the United States, and will always be found uniform. This is unquestionably the best place for a man to get fine Cloth made up to order, as the subscriber has nothing to do with *Slop Clothing*. The *Custom* branch exclusively being his business, the public are very respectfully solicited to leave their orders here for any thing in the above line. Unprecedented success in CUTTING warrants the subscriber in anticipating a continuance of the favors of all who wish good clothes.

NAVAL and MILITARY UNIFORMS made in the best possible manner, having had much experience in this particular branch.

CUTTING, for others to make up, will be done as usual with great care.

Erie, Sept. 15, 1849. G. B. KEENE.

Wanted immediately, 4 or 5 regular Journeymen who understand making fashionable clothes. None other than good mechanics need apply. K.

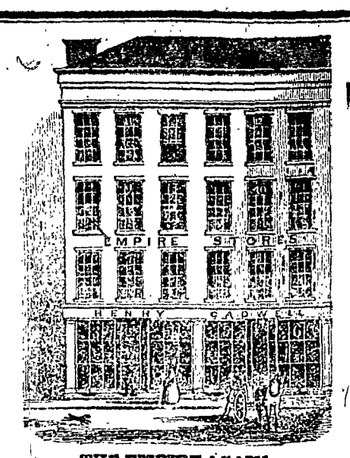
ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Erie county, will be sold at public vendue on the premises, on Monday, the 30th day of October, all the interest of Betsey, Hiram and Sally Hogle, minors under the age of fourteen years, being each the one undivided tenth part to the following described property: Seventy five acres of land in Conneaut township, Erie county, bounded and described as follows: On the west by the State Line, on the north by the State road, on the East by the land of Sampson Pope, and on the South by lands of James Kennedy. The land is subject to a small balance of purchase money now due

Terms made known on day of sale.

HIRAM MARCY, Guardian.

By order of the Court, August 8, 1849.
3t20 JAMES SKINNER, Clerk.



THE EMPIRE AGAIN.

WE are now beginning to receive our FALL and WINTER Importations of Goods from Europe, also from American Manufacturers, which will increase our stock to about SIXTY thousand.

Our No. 1. will be increased to one hundred tons of well assorted Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Chains, Crowbars, Wagon Boxes, Sheet Iron, Copper, Tin Plate, Wire, springs, Axle Arms, &c. Iron Warranted for 3 cents pe pound.

No 2 is replenished with a good stock of GROCERIES at former prices, while they have advanced in other places full 20 per cent.

Our stock of staple *DRY GOODS* at No. 3 is very large, which we will job or retail below summer prices—also, Traveling Bags, Satchels, Men and Boy's Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rubber Overshoes, Umbrellas, Window and Wall Paper.

The SHAWLS and SILK ROOM is now supplied with a very large and rich stock of Shawls of all kinds—Dress Silks, Satins, French and English Merinoes, Mous de Laine Cashmere, d'Ecosse Gimps and Fringes, new style of velvet Gimps, Gent. and Ladies, Kid and lisle Gloves, Mull, Thread, Silk and Brussles Edgings Insertings, Millinery and fine Dress Goods of every name and variety of New York prices.

Our importation of SHELF HARDWARE is now beginning to arrive—also our Saddlery Hardware, Carriage and Coach Trimmings—in fact our large stock in the above line cannot be excelled which we guarantee to sell as low as New York jobbers.

Our importation of CROCKERY from Liverpool we shall begin to receive next week, with a discount in price of full 20 per cent

We are replenishing daily our stock of CARPETS, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Mats, Looking Glasses, &c, at No. 3, which we will sell at our usual low prices.

The great fact has been fully tested and confessed by hundreds—the EMPIRE Store in the little town of Erie can and does sell large quantities of goods daily as low as any jobbers in our Atlantic cities.

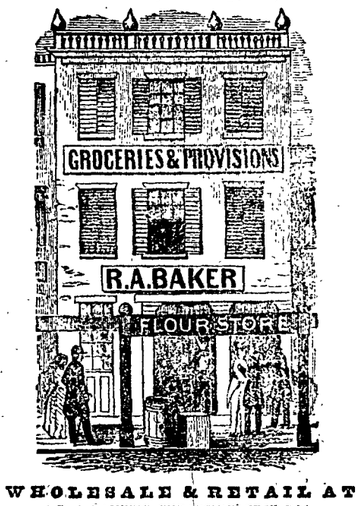
HENRY CADWELL.
Erie, Oct. 6. 21

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Stevens & Kellogg, or to Isaac B. Stevens, are hereby notified to come forward and settle their accounts immediately. The books and accounts will remain in my hands, at the store now occupied by Wm. Crawford, in North East.

ISAAC B. STEVENS.
North East, Sept 22 1849. 3t19.

Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors. Sugars, Hardware, Crockery, &c.,



WHOLESALE & RETAIL AT

R. A. BAKER'S, CHEAPSIDE, ERIE, PA.

WHICH he offers for CASH as cheap as they can be bought in Buffalo. He would especially call the attention of Country Merchants and others to his large assortment of Premium Tobacco and good young Hyson Teas which he will sell very cheap at Wholesale.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Sugars from 6 to 10 cents; Java Coffee 10 cents; Raisins from 6 to 12½ cents; Currents 12½ cents; Young Hyson Tea from 50 to 75 cents; Imperial Tea 75 cents; Poichong and Extra Olong Tea from 62½ to 75 cents per pound, &c.

FISH.—Codfish, White Fish, Mackeral, Herring, &c.,

WINES AND LIQUORS.

By the Barrel or Gallon. Whiskey from 20 cents, to $1 75, Brandy from $1 to $4 per gallon, Sweet Malaga Wine $1, Pure Juice Port Wine $3, good Port $2, pure Holland Gin $2,50, &c.,

TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

10 Boxes Cavandish Tobacco, "Isadro."
10 " Honey Dew " "Shanks."

Mrs. Miller's, Goodwin & Bro's and John Anderson's Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

Havana and Principe Segare from $7 to $30 per M.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY & STATIONERY.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Fancy soap, pocket books, perfumery, Lubin's extracts, cologne, &c., purses, shawl pins, tooth brushes and hair brushes, fine and dressing combs, ladies back combs, wood and horn pocket combs; jew's harps, violin strings and bridges, thimbles, steel guards, segar cases, rabbits, tin trumpets, linen thread, black silk, slate pencils, suspenders, assorted fish hooks and lines, &c., &c.

The above, with a hundred other articles, will be sold at Wholesale and Retail for the very lowest rates for CASH. *My motto is small profits and quick sales.* Please give me a call and if my prices don't suit, do not buy. ROBERT A. BAKER,
Erie, Sept. 29. Cheapside, Erie. n29.

No. 1, REED HOUSE,

Importation upon Importation!!

FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS, START NOT!

THE New Goods we are receiving were imported, not, however by old stock of American and English Stores, of all patterns and descriptions, viz: Circular, X Cut and Slitting, from 6 to 30 inches diameter, Cross Cut, Mill, Fellow, Turning, Hand, Pannel, Rip, Back, Tennon, Bow, Keyhole, Web and Compass Saws, of the best quality, every one warranted. Also, other Gold Pens as low as $1, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

COAL SHOVELS.

AME'S No. 6 can be found at the Hardware Store.
August 18. REED & SANFORD.

Fresh Green and Black Teas,

At the Agency of the Pekin Tea Company.

THIS day received, and all imported since the first of February last, and warranted first quality, put up in quarter, half pound and pound papers, and sold at the following prices, and the same quality and price at all times and to all persons.

GREEN		BLACK	
Young Hyson sweet cargo	50	Oolong, rich flavor	50
do do	72½	do plantation growth	75
do do fine cargo	70	Howquas Mixture, rich and	
do Silver Leaf	1 00	highly flavored,	75
Old Hyson	75 to 1 00	Ne Plus Ultra,	1 50

These Teas may be returned, and the money refunded, if the quality does not suit.

J. H. BURTON,
Erie, June 2, 1849. No 3 Reed House.

LINSEED & LARD OIL.

SIX Barrels Linseed & Lard Oil. Just received & for Sale very low, by the barrel or gallon by, J. H BURTON,
Erie July 7, 1849 8

LUMBER.

THE subscribers will purchase the following discriptions of Whitewood Lumber.

1 Boards	1 inches thick,	14 to 30	Inches wide.
" "	" "	15 to 30	" "
Inch Boards		16 to 30	" "

Chair Plank, 1½ inches thick, 17 and 18 inches wide, and 22 and upwards.

Scantling, 3 by 4 inches,

Columns, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 inches square.

Also—Ash and Cherry Lumber. They want none longer than 12 feet.

GEO. SELDEN & SON
Erie, May 19.

NEATS FOOT OIL.

FOR Harness, Carriage, Tops, &c., Much superior to Tanners Oil. Kept constantly on hand by. J. H BURTON.
Erie July, 7 1849. 8

PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

For Medical and Sacramental Use.

THE subscriber has made arrangements with an eastern Vintor, by him personally known, for a constant supply of WINE that may be depended upon as *perfectly* free from all additions or dilutions from Alchohol or otherwese. A small quantity on hand. Those wishing a Pure Wine for the above uses, will please call and examine quality. J. H. BURTON,
June 7. No 3 Reed House.

IRON, STEEL, &C.—Russia, Sweden, English and American flat, square and round, band and shake Iron, ¾, 1 and 1½ round and square, Horse Nail Rods, Cast, English, German, American and Spring Steel, Anvils, Vices, Troy Nails, 3d, 4d, 6d, 8d, 10d, 12d and 20d; also, 6d, 8d and 10d wrought Nails, for sale by
Erie, May 19. G. SELDEN & SON.

CLOVES, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Pimento, Pepper, Ginger Mustard. CARTER & BROTHER.

1000 LBS. Fire Proof Paint, for sale at No. 6 Reed House by CARTER & BROTHER.
Erie, August 11, 1849.

Franklin Canal Company.

AUTHORIZED TO CONSTRUCT A RAIL ROAD TO LAKE ERIE.

THE books are now open for subscription to the stock in the above company at the office of Gail Cunliffe & Lane in the Borough of Erie. JOHN GALBRAITH, President.
Erie, August 18, 1849. 11

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE undersigned has taken out letters of administration on the estate of Wareham Waters, late of Union township, deceased. All persons having demands against said estate are requested to present them for settlement, and persons indebted to said deceased will please to make payment immediately.

WILSON SHEPARD, of Union Township, Adm'r.
September 1, 1849. 6t16

FOR RENT.

THE Office over my store lately occupied by Thomp-on & Graham as a Law Office. Possession given immediately.

N. B. For sale, the following Law Books, 1 vol. Addison, 2 do Dallas, 4 do Yates, 6 do Binn 3 do Penns. 16 do Sergt. and Watts, 6 do Barrs, and 3 do Park and Johnson, and a few volums Pa. Laws bound. SMITH JACKSON.
Erie, August 25, 1849. 15

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Mrs. Purdy's Confectionary, No. 9, Reed House Row.

MRS. PURDY would respectfully inform the public that she continues the Confectionary Business at her well know stand in the Reed House Row, where she has now and purposes keeding constantly on hand, a large variety of CONFECTIONARIES,

of her own manufacture, and sold wholesale and retail, with different kinds of REFRESHMENTS, such as Cakes, Pies, Bread and Butter Poached Eggs, Cold Fowls, Boiled ham, Pork and Beans, Hot Coffee, Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., all of which will be served up in the best and most palatable style. She has just received a fine assortment of TOYS, to which she invites attention Mrs. P. has fitted up a room, up stairs, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies, where

Ice Cream and other Refreshments

will be served at all times during the Summer. She is determined not to be surpassed by any similar establishment west of Buffalo, and will endeavor to afford universal satisfaction. She indulges the hope that the same liberal patronage which was extended to her predecessor will be continued to her.
Erie, June 9, 1849. 4

NEW MAIL ROUTE From Erie to Warren

VIA WATSBURGH, COLUMBUS, WRI ITSVILLE, PITTSFIELD, YOUNGSVILLE, IRVIN, PA.,

THE subscriber has the contract for carrying the mail three times a week each way through the above places, with a good team, a two horse covered wagon, and with an experienced and careful driver—a regular old knight of the whip

The stage will leave Wattsburgh on *Mondays*, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

Will leave Warren on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. JOHN LYON.
Wattsburgh, September 1, 1849. 2m16

Harborcreek Woollen Factory.

THE subscribers are already to exchange Cloth or Flannels or Wool, of all kinds, or work on shares or by the yard, at their usual prices.

Carding and Cloth-dressing done, as usual, on short notice.

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Harborcreek, May 18, 1849.

NOTICE.—All persons knowing themselves to be indebtebted to the firm of Rhodes, Cass & Co., by note or book, are particularly requested to call at their woolen factory in Harborcreek on or before the middle of June next and settle the same. Those who may attend to this notice will confer a great favor on the subscribers.

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Harborcreek, May 18, 1849. 3

HARDWARE.

REED & SANFORD, NO. 3 REED HOUSE,

ARE now opening a new Stock, and offer to the trade a general Assortment of Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, in all its branches, viz: Carpenter's and Mechanics' Tools, Crow bars, Picks, Drills, Stone Hammers, Sledges, Naylor and Sanderson's Cast Steel, refined and common English Iron, Sweedes Iron and old sable, hammered American Iron, Nail Rods, American rods, round and square from 3-16 to 6 8, Burden's Horse Shoes and Spikes, Cut and Wrought Nails, Log, Draught and Coil Chains of all sizes, together with a complete assortment of Shelt Hardware.

Erie, May 19, 1849. 1

Cabinet Trimmings.

REED & SANFORD are now opening a good assortment of wrought and pressed Table Hinges, broad and narrow Brass Butts, Brass and Iron Table Castors, Pull, Cupboard and Thumb Locks, and a good assortment of Brass Goods, for sale at the Hardware store, No. 3 Reed House. REED & SANFORD.

HOUSE TRIMMINGS.—Mineral and Pearl White Door knobs and Bell Pulls, Mortise and Rim Locks, Mortise Latches, &c., of every variety now in use; Door Handles, Butts and Screws, at the Hardware Store, No. 3 Reed House. REED & SANFORD.
Erie, June 2, 1849.

SAWS! SAWS!—We are now offering for sale a large and splendid stock of American and English Saws, of all patterns and descriptions, viz: Circular, X Cut and Slitting, from 6 to 30 inches diameter, Cross Cut, Mill, Fellow, Turning, Hand, Pannel, Rip, Back, Tennon, Bow, Keyhole, Web and Compass Saws, of the best quality, every one warranted. Also, other Gold Pens as low as $1, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

CLOCKS—A large assortment of Clocks, of different styles and prices, from $3, to $10; Marenl Time pieces, &c., all warranted to keep good time, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

GOLD PENS—Levi Brown's Gold Pens; also, Bagley's of the best quality, every one warranted. Also, other Gold Pens as low as $1, at LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

FARMERS' HOTEL.

Corner of French and Fifth Streets, Erie, Pa.

The undersigned takes this method of announcing to his friends and the public that he has opened the above named establishment for the reception of company. The house has recently been REPAIRED REFITTED AND CLEANED, so that it is now in good condition and worthy the patronage of the public. The sleeping rooms, as well as every other part of the House, have been entirely refurnished with NEAT AND SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE. No pains will be spared to render the House what it should be, and the story of guests pleasant and agreeable. The table will always be furnished with the BEST the MARKET AFFORDS.—The location of this House is Central, and will be found convenient either for business or pleasure.

CHARGES MADE UNIFORM AND REASONABLE.

The Stables are large and convenient, and are under the charge of an attentive and competent man.

Passengers Carried to and from the Steam and Packet Boats free of Charge.

☞ The subscriber pledges himself that no efforts will be spared on his part to promote the comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage. H. G. SESSIONS.
Erie, June 30, 1849.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the improved farm on which he now resides, in Greene township in the settlement known as "Yankee town." The farm contains about 100 acres, 70 of which are under cultivation. The improvements consist of a two-story frame dwelling, two frame barns, and sheds, together with all other out buildings necessary. There is also about 300 apple trees, mostly grafted; pears and peaches in abundance. The land is well watered and timbered, and situated in an excellent neighborhood, and convenient to market, it being only five miles from Erie. For particulars inquire of the subscriber on the premises.

Greene, Aug. 18—tf ASA WHITTIER.

SPLENDID JEWELRY.—Embracing Pins, Rings, Bracelette, Lockets, Chains, Pencils, &c., new and beautiful patterns.

Pins and Rings of Diamond, Turquois, Pearl, Ruby and other settings.

N. B.—Jewelry made or repaired to order on *short* notice. Call in neighbor and learn how a first rate job is done at.
Erie July 7. 1849 G. LOOMIS & Co.

LOOKING GLASSES.—A large assortment of Gilt and Mahogany Frames, together with Plates of different sizes, for resetting old frames. G. LOOMIS & Co.
Erie June, 7 1849.

THE DELAWARE MUTUAL SAFETY INSURANCE COMPANY,

(of Philadelphia,)

ARE now doing business on the Mutual plan, giving the insured a participation in the profits of the Company, without liability beyond the premium paid.

Risks upon the Lakes and Canal insured on the most favorable terms. Losses will be liberally and promptly adjusted.

Fire risks on merchandize, buildings and other property, in town or country, for a limited term permanently.

DIRECTORS.

Joseph H. Seal,	James C. Hand,	Edmond A. Souder,
Theophilus Paulding,	John C. Davis,	H. Jones Brooke,
Robert Burton,	John Garrett,	John B. Penrose,
Hugh Craig,	Samuel Edwards,	George Serrell,
Henry Lawrence	David B. Stacey	Edward Darlington,
Charles Kelley,	Isaac R. Davis,	J. G. Johnson,
William Polwell,	William Hay,	John S. Newlin,
Dr. B. Thomas,	Dr. R. M. Huston,	John Seller, Jr.
	Spencer McIlvane,	

Richard S. Newbould, Sec. y. Wm. Martin Pres't.

☞ Application can be made to

J. KELLOGG, Agent, Erie
Erie, Feb. 10, 1849. 9.3

EMPIRE AHEADAGAIN.

RECEIVED this day by Express at the Empire Stores, a Splendid assortment of Dress Satins and Silks, Bonnet Satins, Silk Velvetines, Muslin Delaines, Chalmires, Tarltons, Barred Muslin, Silk, and Linnen Edgings, a new style of Velvet Ribbon and Gimps for Trimming Dresses, Black Belt Ribbons, &c. &c.
Erie, Sept. 15, 1849. H. CADWELL.

NO YANKEE HUMBUG!

Fairbanks' Genuine Scale Manufactory!!

The subscribers having purchased Fairbanks celebrated genuine scale patents, and employed a workman, Mr. Brooks, who has had a long experience in their manufacture, beg leave to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish to order an article superior to anything of the kind ever offered in this market.

The subscribers would also caution their friends against purchasing worthless articles purporting to be Fairbanks' scale from irresponsible itinerant yankee pedlers—*we manufacture the genuine article.* The following are our prices.

Hay Scales, of 4 Tons draft,	$50
Coal Scales, of 1 ton draft,	40
Platform Scales, 1500 lbs. draft,	35
Do. do. do. with hoisting lever and set on trucks,	40
Do. do 1200 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do. do. on trucks with hoisting lever,	35
Fairbanks' *American* Scale, 1500 lbs.	32
Do. do. do. 1200 lbs.	28
Do. do. do. 1500, on trucks with hoisting lever,	37
Do. do. do. 500 lbs.	10
Flour Packing Scale, 300 lbs.	20
Counter Scales, ½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform,	8
Do ½ oz. to 200 lbs. platform & Scoop,	10
Dole's Counter Scale, brass lever, ½ oz. to 50 lbs. draft,	6

All the above articles are warranted. Those wishing to obtain a good and *reliable* Scale are requested to give us a call at No 104 French street, nearly opposite the Farmers Hotel.

G. A. BENNET & CO.
Erie, May 26, 1849. 3

BRASS CLOCKS.

EIGHT DAY and 30 Hour Clocks, various styles of cases, at greatly reduced prices.

Also, Marine, Circular and other Time Pieces for sale low by G. LOOMIS & Co.
State Street.
Erie July, 7.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand B. A. Fahnestock & Co's warranted pure White Lead, and is prepared to sell it by the quantity at a small advance from Pittsburgh cost, by the single Keg, (25 pounds,) at two dollars. This brand is now considered the *best* in market. A supply received nearly every week, and consequently he had at all times. J. H. BURTON.
Erie, June 2, 1849. 3

EASTERN NAILS.—The undersigned are now selling a superior Eastern Nail, from 4d to 40d, 8 and 10d Fence and Floor Nails, 6d, 8d and 10d wrought Nails; also, assorted sizes barn door and wagon box Rivets, for sale low, at No 3 Reed House.

Erie, June 2. REED & SANFORD.

NEW CONCERN—WOOL WOOL.

MILLCREEK WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named establishment, would announce to Wool Growers and the public in general, that he has had all of his Machinery thoroughly repaired, and having employed experienced workmen in all the different branches of the business, he is now prepared to Manufacture Wool with neatness and dispatch, into the following articles namely:—Plain Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Blankets, &c. He is

The Erie Weekly Observer,

IS PUBLISHED

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

1st, subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
2d, mailed at the office, in advance, 1,50
3d, If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
4th, All communications *must* be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 1 lines, one year.	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

1st Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THOS. H. STUART, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, office on the corner of Peach, and 6th Sts., Erie Pa., 1613

S. R. DEWEY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, second door below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.,

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

WILSON LAIRD,
Attorney at Law—Office over J. H. Williams' exchange office, next door to Judge Thompson's office.
Collecting and other professional business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

ROBERT A. BAKER.

WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Biscuit, Crackers, &c. &c. Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

J. COALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker.—Store, South side of the Public Square, three doors East of the Erie Bank.

H. B. HAVERSTICK,
No. 2, Reed House. Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 8, Peoples' Row, State street, Erie.

ALFRED KING,
Wholesale & Retail dealer in Groceries, Boat Stores, Provisions, and Fisherman's manufactured articles; No. 2, Fleming Block, 5th street, Canal Basin, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting in Commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. Bentley, Esq., B. Austin Grant, Esq.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street,
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office, 1 door below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School, Hon. Richard Fletcher, 18 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 131 Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 53 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to the Observer.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors south of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
General Forwarding, Produce and Commission Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
Ezekiel J. Kelso. W. W. Loomis.

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, 4 State street, nearly opp. the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Austin

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 1, Perry Block, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
The Monument Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie,

L. WARREN,
Sash, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 4th and State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD,
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Inks, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist. Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the east side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and rendered to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with preparations of Dentiface so as to leave them of a polished enamel. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails, Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c., No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

ROBERT S. HUNTER,
Dealer in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

INSURANCE OFFICE.

The Erie County Insurance Company are now issuing Policies of Insurance against loss or damage by fire on buildings, goods, merchandize, &c., on as favorable terms as any other Company. Applications made to the President or Secretary, personally or by letter, will be promptly attended to.
Office in the Court House.
The Company has deposited with the Auditor General of Pennsylvania, Bonds and Mortgages, Pennsylvania Bank stock, and Certificates of loan for other States, to the full amount of the capital required by law.
Officers and Directors.
Hon. Levi Kelso, President.
Wm. Kelso, Secretary.
Erie, July 1, 1848.

1849.

THROUGH TO BEAVER IN 36 HOURS.

BEAVER AND ERIE DAILY EXPRESS PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c. &c.,

The above Line is now up and of first class PACKET BOATS, leave Erie daily at 6 o'clock, A. M. Connecting at Beaver with the fine packet boats for PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c., affording altogether the cheapest, easiest and most pleasant route by all places on the Ohio River.
W. C. CLELAND, Agent.
Office at Brown's Hotel, corner of State street and the Public Square, and the Packet Landing.
Erie May 3, 1849. 51

Drs. L. L. and W. W. Adams
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
HAVING located themselves in the Borough of Erie, will attend to all calls on their profession.
Office and residence on the South West corner of the Diamond, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Faulkner.
N. B Calls from the country attended to promptly.
Erie, April 28, 1849.

FRESH GROCERIES.

JUST received by late arrival, at the old stand of Hitchcock & Zimmerly, a well selected stock of FRESH GROCERIES, of every description for family use, such as Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Pepper, Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmegs, Molasses, Oils, Fish, Cheese, Tobacco, Fruit, Nuts, which are offered on terms that cannot fail to suit our customers. Please give us a call.
N. B.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for groceries.
A. H. HITCHCOCK.
Erie, August 4, 1849. 12

100 POUNDS Gum Camphor,
100 do Tartaric Acid,
150 do Pearl's Soda,
250 do Cream Tartar,
75 do Oil Origanum,
50 do Gum Opium and Arabic, by
July 21, 1849. CARTER & BROTHER.

Wines & Liquors.

A CHOICE lot of Wines and Liquors, consisting of

Pale Brandy,	St. Croix Rum,	Holland Gin,
Otard do	N. E. do	Irish Whiskey,
Cognac do	Jamaica do	Scotch do
Madeira Wine,	Port Wine,	Common do
Malaga do	Medoc do.	

Also, a large assortment of Fresh Groceries, for sale at No. 6, Poor People's Row, by
Erie, June 30, 1849. T. W. MOORE. 7

CAUTION EXTRA.

A man by the name of *CLAPP* has engaged with a young man of the name of S. P. Townsend, and uses his name to put up a Sarsaparilla, which they call Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, denominating it *GENUINE*, Original, ect. This Townsend is no doctor, and never was; but was formerly a worker on railroads, canals, and the like. Yet he assumes the title of Dr., for the purpose of gaining credit for what he is not This is to caution the public not to be deceived, and purchase none but the *GENUINE ORIGINAL OLD* Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla, having on it the Old Dr's. likeness, his family coat of arms, and his signature across the cont of arms.

Principal Office, 102 *Nassau st., New York City.*

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND,

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE

Genuine Townsend Sarsaparilla.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the *AUTHER* and *DISCOVERER* of the *GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."* Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sufferers confined to those only who had proved its worth, and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful.

HEALING POWER.

Knowing, *many years ago*, that he had, by his skill, science and experience, devised an article which would be of incalculable advantage to mankind when the means would be furnished to bring it into universal notice, when its unestimable virtues would be known and appreciated. This time has come, the means are supplied; this

GRAND AND UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breath of the land, especially as it is found incapable of degeneration or deterioration.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared *on scientific principles* by a *scientific man*. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the Old Dr's. Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla root, as is well known to medical men, contains many medical properties, and some properties which are inert or useless, and others, which if retained in preparing it for use, produce *fermentation* and *acid*, which is injurious to the system.—Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so *volatile*, that they entirely evaporate and escape in the operation, if they are not preserved by a *scientific process*, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these *volatile principles*, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very *essential medical properties* of the root, which give to it all its value.

Any person can boil or stew the root till they get a dark colored liquid, which is merely retaining the coloring matter and that from many things else; they can then strain this unfeild or vapid liquid, sweeten with sour molasses, and then call it "SARSAPARILLA EXTRACT or SYRUP." But such is not the article known as the

GENUINE OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medical virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations of every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of

CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and *LIVER COMPLAINT;* and in *RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, PILES, COSTIVENESS* all *CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,* and all ailections arising from

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It possesses a marvelous efficacy in all complaints arising from *Indigestion*, from *Acidity of the Stomach*, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not its equal in *Colds* and *Coughs*; and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It works wonders in cases of *Fluor Albuor Whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Surpressed,* or *Painful Menses, Irregularity* of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is as effectual in curing all the forms of *Kidney Diseases.*

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, thus cures all forms of

Nervous diseases and debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other main dies, as *Spinal irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.*

It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflamation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the *blood*, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all structures and tightners, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this then

The medicine you pre-eminently need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

COMPARED WITH THE OLD DR'S,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETERIORATION, and will

NEVER SPOILS,

while the other DOES; *souring, fermenting,* and *blowing the bottles* containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system?—*What! put acid into a system already diseased with acids!* What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischiefs it produces? flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Whipt Swellings, Fever Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven; but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism but a sour or acid thin which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and irritating the delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, or deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now is it not horrible to make and sell, and *infinitely worse* to use this

SOURING, FERMENTING, ACID "COMPOUND" OF S. P. TOWNSEND,

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla*, is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's *article!* and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of compliments and exhinations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the *absolute truth*, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are *heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar;* that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what *guarantee* can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are in capable of changes which might render them the AGENTS of Disease instead of health,

But what else should be expected from one who knows nothing comparatively of medicine or disease! It requires a person of some experience to cook and scour up even a common decent meal. How much more important is it that the persons who manufacture medicine, designed for

Weak Stomachs and Enfeebled Systems,

should know well the medical properties of plants, the best manner of securing and concentrating their healing virtues, also an extensive knowledge of the various diseases which affect the human species, and how to adapt remedies to these diseases!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom, and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal.

For sale by J. H. Burton, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.
Erie, July 14, 1849. 9

GOLD and Silver leaf and Gold Silver and Composition Bronze, by CARTER & BROTHER.

CLEAR THE TRACK

FOR THE

Great Western Locomotive!!

TAKE NOTICE, ALL THOSE WHO ARE IN TERESTED! CALL at SIEGEL'S Corner and convince yourselves that he is Now receiving the largest, cheapest and best lot of GROCERIES ever brought to Erie. Among his assortment may be found the following:

Sugars.—Six tons of Port Rico Coffee Sugar, Crushed, Loaf and Pulverized.

Coffee.—Ten bags Old Government Java, ten bags of Laguera and ten bags of Rico.

Molasses.—Two thousand gallons New Orleans Porto Rico and Sugar House.

Tea.—Fifteen chests Young Hyson, Imperial, Black and Gunpowder. Imperial ten in six pound caddies for family use.

Fish.—Five thousand pound Cod Fish, Mackerel, Shad, Holland Herring, Smoked Herring and Sardines.

Twenty barrels Turpentine, thirty do. of Linseed, Lamp and Tanners oil.

150 kegs Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh White Lead.

The largest kind of an assortment of Paints and Dyestuffs.

100 kegs of Eastern and Pittsburgh Nails.

Liquors.—French Brandy, Holland Gin, Rum, Port Wine, Madera, Malaga, Claret and French West Wine.

Tobacco.—100 dozen Scholl's fine New York Smoking, sixteen boxes Cavendish, 100 dozen fine cut Rappee and Macaboy Snuff.

Ten kegs and 100 flasks Kentucky Rifle Powder, fifty bags of Shot, bar Lead and Percussion Caps.

Thirty boxes Candy, 35 drums of Malaga Figs, 30 jars prunes and a great variety of articles in my line that would take more time than I have to enumerate them.

To my old customers and the public generally, I would say, call at SIEGEL'S Corner, directly opposite the Farmer's Hotel and see for yourselves, that I am bound to sell wholesale or retail, cheaper than any other establishment West of Buffalo. C. SIEGEL,
Erie July 7, 1849. n9

WESTERN BAKER.

THE undersigned having established himself in the above business at the stand formerly occupied by Mr. Stafford on the canal near 5th st., adjoining the hotel kept by A. M. Tarbell, solicits the patronage of the public in general. He will keep constantly on hand all articles in the above business. viz:

Loaf Bread, Hard Bread, Pilot Bread, Boston Crackers, Soda Crackers, Butter Crackers, Water Crackers, Cakes, Rusk, Buns, Pies, &c. &c.,

Parties can be furnished on the shortest notice with any description, or size of cake from Fatty to 70 Pyrimids. Families Supplied each afternoon, Sundays excepted, by leaving their address at the Bakery, at which place the undersigned will be found in readiness to fill with promptness all orders to him directed!
CHARLES MORTON.
Erie, August 25, 1849. 4t15

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

RASCALITY AND DECEPTION.

LET EVERY ONE READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THERE is a Sarsaparilla for sale called old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It is advertised as the original, &c. This is a notorious falsehood. Dr. Townsend has expended over $300,000 the last eight years in advertising his Sarsaparilla, which has obtained a character and reputation throughout the United States and a greater part of the world—the sale being enormous.

This excited the cupidity of certain unprincipled men, and an old man who was engaged in peddling cheap publications about the streets of New York, for a number of years. This man's name is Jacob Townsend. He applied to a number of men to get employment, or to sell the use of his name, to put up Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, stating the large sales and sums we had expended in advertising as an inducement to embark into the business. Among others, he applied to Charles Watrous, Esq., Editor of the Jamaica Farmer, who scorned such a proposition. Mr. H. Q. ANDREWS, formerly one of the proprietors of McAllister's Ointment, RALPH POMEROY, formerly Cashier and Financier of the broken Shin-Plaster Bank at Bellville, New Jersey, JOHN SKILLMAN, and WILLIAM THOMPSON, under the name of THOMPSON, SKILLMAN & Co., have employed this old man, and agreed, we understand, to pay him seven dollars a week for the use of his name. These men have been inventing and lifelong us in all possible forms, in hopes we would notice them, and bring them and their deception into market. Let the public decide upon the course of these *honest and honorable men.*

ONE OF THEIR TRICKS.

They say that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla sours and ferments—this is false: as we have kept it through the whole year in New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, South America and the West Indies—in fact the older it grows the better it becomes. We made a few bottles by mistake, last Spring, that spoiled. This we regretted, and exchanged as soon as possible; such an accident will never occur again. This they attempt to make a great story of, and say that the whole of our Sarsaparilla sours, &c., when they are aware that they are publishing falsehoods.

ANOTHER TRICK.

We went to an expense of five hundred dollars to get up a splendid steel engraving for our label, and had the portrait of Dr. Townsend on it to distinguish it from all others, and prevent mistakes. These men are now getting up a label counterfeit, with a portrait of old Jacob Townsend—let the public decide upon such transactions, and let them remember that *ours is genuine and the original*, unless signed with the name of S. P. Townsend. The plate is engraved on steel and contains the portrait of Dr. Townsend, three female figures, and a view of our factory. The spurious has no factory or female figures.

Dr. Townsend on No Physician.

These men also publish that Dr. Townsend is no physician; this like all other statements, are false. Dr. Townsend attended two of the best Medical Schools in the country, has studied the different theories of medicine and practiced for the last fifteen years; has experimented several years, and expended large sums in bringing his medicines to perfection.

This old Jacob Townsend,

They are endeavoring to palm off on the public as an old physician, &c. He is no physician, and never attempted to manufacture a medicine until these men hired him for the use of his name. They say they do not wish the people to believe that their Sarsaparilla is ours, or the same—but the better to deceive the public, they at the same time assert that theirs is the old Dr. Townsend's, and the original; and endeavor to make the people believe that the one they manufacture is the Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla that has performed so many wonderful cures for the past ten years, and which has gained a reputation which no other medicine ever enjoyed—which is a base, villainous, unprincipled falsehood. We have commenced suits against these men for damages. We would let it be understood, that the old man is not a member of Dr. Townsend whatever. In their advertisements and circulars they publish a number of gross falsehoods respecting Dr. Townsend, which we will not notice.

FALSE REPORTS.

Our opponents have published in the papers, that Dr. S. P. Townsend was dead—that they send to their agents about the country, who report that we have given up business, &c. &c. The public should be on their guard, and not be deceived by these unprincipled men.

OUR COURSE.

Being satisfied by the experiments and the results of the medicine in eradicating disease, we resolved to place it before the world. At that time all of the Sarsaparillas for sale was put up in small vials of four an five ounces, and sold for one dollar per bottle. We could afford to sell a quart bottle of the purest and best article for the same. We therefore issued and have published our Sarsaparilla called molasses and water by the other manufacturers, who said a good article could not be afforded for the price. A few years, and they learned the difference of this. Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla almost entirely superceded the others, being infinitely better, and five times the quantity at the same price. Of late there have arisen a great discovery, which is, that they have been selling a smaller vial of medicine for one dollar, which they could afford for twenty or twenty-five cents. For these same men now put up their Sarsaparillas in Quart bottles, very nearly resembling ours, for the same price as they formerly sold the small ones, and ask the people to purchase. The people are not so green however. They have copied our labels, circulars, and shape of the bottles as near as they dare. Then course and ours we leave for a discerning public to act upon.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

Dr. Townsend having ten years since discovered a new formula of compounding the Sarsaparilla with other ingredients, and succeeded in producing a fluid that resembled in its action upon the digestive organs, the saliva, or gra. de juice of the human body,—A liquid, when taken into the system, created new, rich, and pure blood—which old humors, and create new life—for the blood is the life—resolved, after three years of experiments, to bring it before the public. Sanguine that it required only to be known to be appreciated, being thoroughly convinced that to cleanse, purify and strengthen the circulation, was the great secret of eradicating disease. The conviction led to the discovery of Dr. Townsend's Compound of the Sarsaparilla. Satisfied that by dividing the quantity of blood in the system, the life also was divided, and that the true theory was to produce a healthy circulation. The theory having proved true, it is adopted wholly or in part, at present, by a large number of medical gentlemen, and the cures more effectual than we anticipated—hence the wonderful success of this medicine.

THE ROOT WE USE.

We use the best Honduras Sarsaparilla. The last year we purchased more than ten times the amount of Sarsaparilla of all other Sarsaparilla manufacturers in America. Mr. Blanca, Esq., a merchant in the Honduras trade, and others, export it fresh and direct from Honduras for us. Messrs. Burr, Waterman & Co., No. 100, South street, have fitted up expensive and extensive machinery to rasp by steam the heart of the Quash, or Ignumvitæ wood. They furnish us over 1,500 barrels the last season. Our Yellow Dock, which we use a great quantity of, is cultivated in fields by the Shakers at New Lebanon and Ikenna, and consequently the very best—far better than is generally used. We employ over one hundred men and boys collecting Roots, &c. in the proper seasons. Indeed all our arrangements are the most perfect and complete of any other similar establishment in the world, and our medicine is unequalled,

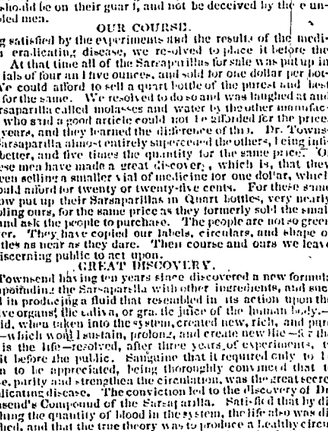
IMPROVEMENTS.

We have at our manufactory all machinery that is required to make the very best medicine from the Sarsaparilla that was ever produced. We have powerful steam engines to grind out and extract the root. We also have extensive vats for settling and filling, &c., such as were never before used in the preparation of any medicine. No other manufacturer of Sarsaparilla has steam power to manufacture by.

☞ The above Sarsaparilla is sold by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie, who are the only authorized agents for Erie county. 3m10

Osgoods India Cholagogue.

AT the wholesale and retail price by the dozen at J. H. BURTON'S,
Erie July 7, 1849 Wholesale Agent Erie



GAY'S EXTRACT OF CANCHALAGUA,

A Californian plant of Rare Medical Virtues.

A CERTAIN PREVENTIVE AND CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE, CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, *Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Lumbago, Paralysis, Pleurisy, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Dysentery, Dropsy, Liver Complaints, Bilious Complaints, Nervous Affections, Cutaneous Disorders, Fevers in General, Hemorrhages, obstructions, Ulcers, Indigestion, Depraved and Defective Appetite, and all diseases originating in*

Derangement of the Bowels or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Its tonic and virtue to the digestive organs, and is remarkable for its ANIMATING, STRENGTHENING, and RESTORATIVE PROPERTIES.

Publicly admitted by Dr. Townsend, Manufacturer of "Townsend's Sarsaparilla," to be

"FAR BETTER THAN SARSAPARILLA."

☞ In corroboration of the above, read the annexed communication, as

CONCLUSIVE TESTIMONY AND PROOF POSITIVE.

From the Graefenberg Company.

Sir.—You are aware that, as the originator of the *Graefenberg Company*, I must have had my attention called to the numerous Medicines presented to the public patronage. I have watched with much interest the introduction of the *Canchalagua* into this country by yourself, and am free to say that no Medicine stands so deservedly high as your extract of the plant. In *my own family* I have seen its most extraordinary efficacy, in the cure of a confirmed case of Bronchitis. For all complaints which require the prompt and thorough purification of the blood, I deem your CANCHALAGUA FAR, VERY FAR, SUPERIOR TO ANY AND ALL THE SARSAPARILLAS OF THE DAY, AND WITH THEM ALL I AM WELL ACQUAINTED. ARMAND MARSHALL.

☞ Pamphlets containing a Description of California, together with interesting information in relation to the CANCHALAGUA, its remarkable efficacy and cures, are GIVEN AWAY at the AGENCIES.

Sold by Carter & Brother, Agents, Erie, Pa., 3m17

BATHS! BATHS! BATHS!

THE undersigned would respectfully ask the attention of this community to the important fact—important on account of its immediate and necessary connection with health, happiness and length of days—that he has recently fitted up in good style, both of accommodation, and appearance, the large commodious room in the rear of his Shaving Apartment, and under the Post Office, as a complete Bathing Establishment.

He flatters himself that, from his ample arrangements, he will be enabled to give entire satisfaction. His Bathing Apparatus, and furniture principally, were purchased east—regard being had, in so doing, only to its convenient make and superior material.

Those wishing to indulge in the universally acknowledged luxury of a cooling, cleansing, cheering bath, can be accomodated at any time between the hours of 6 A. M and 10 P. M.
August 14. A. VOSBURGH.

JOB DYEING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he commenced the business of PLAIN AND FANCY DYEING, at his place, corner of State street and the Buffalo Road, a few roods south of the Woolen Factory, where the Dyeing and Finishing of Garments, the coloring of woollen and cotton carpet yarn, with every other description of Job Dyeing will be carefully attended to. After a practice of thirty years in Europe and America, in all the colors given to silk, woollen, linen and cotton, he hopes to be able to satisfy all who may patronize him.
RICHARD GAGGIN.
Erie, August 23. 15

HATS! HATS!

Late Fashions for 1849 at Smyth's

I HAVE received from one of the first manufacturies in New York a few CASES OF SILK HATS. Gentlemen wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine them, together with a superior quality of my own manufacture. The subscriber would also, respectfully remind the public that all kinds of goods in his line will be sold at prices to suit the times.
S. SMYTH.
Erie, August 25, 1849. 15

Sloan's Column.

☞ All the Medicines advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

FAMILY OINTMENT.

SLOAN'S OINTMENT is now universally acknowledged to be an infallible remedy, in every case where it has been faithfully applied on the human system, for promoting Insensible Perspiration, drawing out the inflammation from a wound, relieveing pain of every kind, and in its healing qualities the world does not produce its equal, and the public pronounce it the cheapest and best Family Ointment that has ever been used. All diseases of the Flesh, Obstinate Ulcers, Old Sores, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Burns Cuts, Cutaneous Eruptions, Sore Nipples, Sore Breasts, Diseases of the Eye, Ague in the face, side, back, and the other parts of the system, Boils, Ulcers, Scald Head, Bruises Fresh Wounds, and every kind of sore commining the least particle of inflammation, are permanently cured by this great remedy.

W. B. SLOAN.
Grand Depot, 40 Lake st., Chicago, Ill.

Five Large Deep Ulcers,

Spr nofield, Wis., March 2, 1849.

DR. W. B. Sloan—Dear Sir: In my opinion, the greatest cures effected are those that have longest resisted the skill of the *Medical Faculty.* Admitting that to be a fact, I have a case in point, to wit: *Mr. James Henford*, of *Sheboygan Falls*, was crippled two years with *five large deep ulcers*, just above the ankle.—The leg was so much swollen he could not get on a boot. Nearly all the most popular *Physicians* in various places, have treated his case without any beneficial effect

Last August *Mr. Henford* solicited my advice. I succeeded in reducing the swelling and healed two of the sores. The other three I labored at till the first of February, without much if any benefit, when I gave him a box of SLOAN'S OINTMENT, and in three weeks he was well. Respectfully yours,
C. B. OSTRANDER, M. D.

Burnt to Cinders.

W. B. SLOAN:—Dear Sir: Justice demands that I should return to you my thanks for your UNPARALLELED OINTMENT. Three weeks ago my daughter's clothes caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished, they were all burnt to cinders, the child was so badly burned that death seemed inevitable in less than twenty-four hours. Your *Ointment* was recommended, and used with success—it gave perfect relief. It is needless to add that the child is now well and about her business. The *medicine is all and more* than it is recommended to be. Every family and person should have it in their possession.

I feel indebted to you for my child's life, and anything that I can do for you or your medicine, I am ready and willing to perform.
Your humble servant,
JOHN H. CRANE.
FLINT CREEK, Lake Co., Ill., Feb. 28th, 1849.

On his Hands and Knees.

MR. W. B. Sloan—Dear Sir: I hereby certify that my son Albert, eleven years of age, was afflicted in his feet from the time he first began to walk, the bottoms of which were covered with a hard dry skin full of cracks, causing pain and much affliction, many times he was obliged to go on his hands and knees, and no time has he been free from the sore affliction until now. Baffling the skill of several physicians, but to our surprise his feet are now perfectly smooth and free from cracks, all from one application of your Ointment, I would say the boy put it on himself as an experiment of his own, from hearing it recommended. Nothing more was thought of it for three weeks, at which time his feet were near about in a healthy state, and are now the same as though they never had been otherwise. Yours, &c.,
ISAAC PADEN.
Galesburg, Knox Co., Ill., April 2d, 1849.

Doctoring in Galena.

MR. SLOAN:—Dear Sir, About three years ago I was severely injured in one of my legs by the falling of a pile of wood which occasioned large running ulcers. Nearly every doctor in Galena tried to cure them; but tried in vain, until from sympathy and improper treatment my other leg became so bad as the one originally wounded. I despaired of ever being well again—but in order that I might neglect no means within my reach, I purchased of your agent in Galena some of your Ointment, and you can judge of your surprise and gratitude better than I can express it, to find myself entirely well before I had finished using the second box.

These facts I make known that others afflicted may believe and not delay using so valuable an Ointment as yours has proved to be. Respectfully, your grateful friend,
EVAN DAVIS.
Galena, Ill., Dec. 19, 1848.

The Child was Healed:

York Precinct, Du Page Co., Ill., Dec. 27th, 1848.

MR. W. B. SLOAN—Sir: Last summer one of my children was badly bitten by a rattlesnake. We applied your Ointment freely, and "the child was healed."

Also, I had a horse wounded in the stifle joint, in which he took cold and became so much swollen and distressed, that the horse was supposed worthless, but by a free use of your Ointment, was soon cured.

We have used the Ointment in a great many other cases, with equal success.
WALTER WHITBECK.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HORSE MEDICINE IN THE WORLD!

SLOAN'S OINTMENT AND CONDITION POWDER HAVE EARNED A GREAT NAME.

For Purity, Mildness, Safety Certainty and Thoroughness, SLOAN'S OINTMENT Excels:

AND is rapidly superceding all other Ointments and Liniments now in use for the cure of the following diseases.

Fresh Wounds, Galls of all kinds, Sprains, Bruises, Cracked Heels, Ringbone, Windbone, Windgalls, Poll Evil, Callus, Spavines, Sweenys, Strains, Lameness, Sand Crack, Foundered Feet, Scratches of Grease, Mallenders or Horn Distemper.

THE POWDER will remove all inflamation and fever, purify the blood, loosen the skin, cleanse the water, and strengthen every part of the body, and has proved a sovereign remedy for the following diseases. Dis-temper, Hide bound, Loss of appetite, Inward worms, Yellows, Mange, Inflamation of the eyes, Fatigue from hard exercise; also, Rheumatism, Commonly called stiff complaint,) which proves so fatal to many valuable horses in this country. It is also a safe and certain remedy for coughs and colds which generate so many fatal diseases.
W. B. SLOAN.
Grand Depot, 40 Lake St., Chicago